

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII

CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 9, 1914.

Number 275

AGE OF INQUIRY HAS DAWNED

Hon. Victor Murdock Says People Want to Know

THE RULE OF SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

Kansas Statesman Does Not Talk Politics, But Points Out Great Need of Reform—Government by the People Must Succeed Government by Trusts and Monopolies—Unpleasant Contrasts in Condition of the People.

The people of Clearfield enjoyed a privilege not given to many communities in the state when they heard Hon. Victor Murdock, the gifted orator and champion of progressivism, at the big chautauqua tent last evening. Forceful in his remarks and pleasing in his manner of expression, he held the rapt attention of the large audience from the beginning to the end of his lecture. His subject was "The Trend of the Times," and in the course of the lecture he said:

What is the prevalent spirit of the hour? General endorsement of anything or anybody? No. General impeachment of anything or anybody? No. The prevalent spirit of the hour is one of popular inquiry. Do we have an authoritative answer from any sense from the whole house? from congress? from the courts? No. Do we have an answer of any kind from anywhere? Yes. In the fantastic films that the daily newspapers reel off before our eyes in recounting the daily history of our country.

Unpleasant Contrasts.

Here we have an item of a woman and three children standing on the wharf in Philadelphia, purposing to drown herself and her little ones because they faced starvation. And side by side with it an item saying that Kansas alone would produce 175,000,000 bushels of wheat. Here we have beside bursting bins of plenty—hunger. As we have also beside greatest coal measures in the world the city poor carrying their daily fuel home in a basket. As we have the greatest timber reaches in the world, and beside it a great sad army of homeless people.

We are passing out of an age of (Continued on Eighth Page.)

SEDIMENT IN THE WATER WE DRINK

But Company Officials Say It is Not Injurious to Health

There is on exhibition in the Progress office a cloth which was at one time white, but which is now covered with a dark brownish sediment precipitated thereon after the cloth had been held under the faucet from which borough water is secured. There is also a bottle containing water from the same spigot, and this water also shows a dark sediment.

These exhibits were brought to the office of the Progress by a citizen, who stated that it was not known what the sediment is, whether it is harmful or not. The pipes through which this water runs have been thoroughly examined without anything being found that would cause the discoloration.

Water company officials declare that the sediment is not harmful, but are not willing to say what causes the precipitation which has continued in this citizen's home, at least, for almost a month. Possibly a chemical analysis of the water which is discolored from some cause might solve the problem.

STRIKERS FIRED ON BY WESTINGHOUSE GUARDS

(By International News Service)

Pittsburgh, July 9.—A group of the Westinghouse strikers on Oak Hill, east of Pittsburgh, stoned a squad of the state constabulary today. The troopers rushed the knob, but the strikers escaped. A skirmish followed with the aimless firing of the guns

FATAL AUTO ACCIDENT

One Clymer Citizen and a Farmer Killed in Tioga County.

An automobile in which William Dunsmore, superintendent of the Russell Coal company, at Clymer; Mrs. Dunsmore, the chauffeur, William Mechzen, and James Cooney and son Joseph and James McKenzie, of near Blossburg, Tioga county, were riding near the latter town last Friday, got beyond control of the driver and turned turtle.

Mechzen was killed outright and James Cooney died in the Blossburg hospital that night. Joseph Cooney suffered injury to his spine and James Dunsmore and his wife escaped with slight bruises.

Miss Margaret Mechzen, sister of the dead chauffeur, taught school in Clearfield last year.

BEAUTIFUL DAHLIAS

William B. Rishell Has a Profusion of These Flowers.

William B. Rishell claims to have the finest lot of dahlias in Clearfield. At his home, 210 Merrill street, West Side, Mr. Rishell has between 200 and 300 plants, most of which are in bloom.

Mr. Rishell takes especial pride in a twin dahlia on one of his stalks. He declares it is the prettiest flower he ever saw. This flower will be on exhibition at Duffon's hardware store this week.

In the Hospital.

Harry Healey, of the Monarch billiard parlor is in the Clearfield hospital, where he will be operated on for gall stones.

PRESBYTERIAN DAY AT LAKEMONT PARK

Enjoyable Time Anticipated at The Annual Gathering

On Thursday, July 16, the Presbyterians of this section will hold a picnic at Lakemont park, near Altoona. Presbyterian day is always an enjoyable occasion for members of that denomination, and this year those who will go to Lakemont park on Thursday of next week will be entertained in a manner that will excel any previous effort of the kind.

The addresses this year will be by men prominent in religious work. Rev. F. Dean Miller, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Altoona, an able speaker, heads the list. Another speaker is Rev. James D. Moffatt, D. D., LL. D., president of Washington and Jefferson college, whose ability to entertain an audience is well known.

Rev. W. E. McCullough, D. D., of Pittsburg, will at 7.15 also deliver a lecture which has become famous not only in this state, but in other states. Dr. McCullough will talk of Abraham Lincoln, a subject in itself interesting, and as handled by Dr. McCullough it is regarded as one of the grandest topics for oratorical effort chosen by speakers.

With other music there will be a chorus of soloists under the direction of Prof. J. Edgar Probyn, and the chorus will be assisted by an orchestra.

There will be athletic events from 3.15 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon and other amusements common to such occasions.

Dinner and supper will be served by the South Altoona church. Excursion rates can be had on the Pennsylvania railroad.

A. M. Wrights are having their house on Second street repainted this week.

MRS. CARMAN MAY GO FREE AFTER HER EXAMINATION

(By International News Service)

Freeport, N. Y., July 9.—Mrs. Carman, who was placed in jail yesterday on the charge of murdering Mrs. Louise Bailey, in the office of Dr. Cadman, the prisoner's husband, in a fit of jealousy, may be released on Monday.

Assistant District Attorney Weeks frankly admitted that, when Mrs. Carman is arraigned for examination on

Monday, the state's case may collapse.

"There is a possibility that Mrs. Carman may be discharged after her examination on Monday. I doubt if we should go before the grand jury with the evidence we now have. We feel that we must have the strongest kind of evidence, and we have already presented the strongest evidence we have."

TEXTILE MILL GROWING FAST

Twenty New Looms Added to Equipment Recently

SOON BE MAKING PLUSH HERE

Seventy-five Persons Now Employed and More Will be Put on Payroll as Soon as They Learn the Trade—Mill is Constantly Expanding.

Twenty new looms have been installed by the Clearfield Textile company and will be in use by August 1, making in all forty looms in use at the silk mill. The work of finishing, which consists of shearing and sticking, has been lately introduced, as singing and ironing soon will be, which makes the silk or velvet plush, the finished product.

Seventy-five people are employed at the mill and more are being taught the trade as they are needed. The time usually necessary for learning to use one of the machines is about two months.

How Silk is Made.

The thread is first wound on spools, then cleaned upon another machine, next comes warping and quilting. The silk is then ready to be woven, which is done upon a large loom. Then it is finished by shearing, sticking, singing and ironing. For the latter two processes the plush from the Clearfield mill is sent to Norwich, Conn., but in a very short time the work will be done here.

No plush is sold from the Clearfield mill, all of the cloth being shipped away. Part of the machinery in the mill is American made, part French. All of the machines are run by motor power. Both white and black plush are made, the white being dyed at the dyeing factory after it is shipped from the mill here.

Sanitation is Excellent.

There is perfect sanitation through the mill, and plenty of light and room. Ventilation and heat are secured by driving air with huge fans through the building. The humidity of the air is also controlled by the ventilation system, making it possible to raise or lower amount of moisture in the air in the building.

A large tank is situated on the grounds near the mill, to be used in case of fire if for any reason the water pressure of the town should be cut off.

Will Enlarge in Time.

The silk mill was brought here through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce when Harry E. Bodine was its efficient secretary. The mill will be enlarged with the growth of the town, more help being employed as it is available, and more work done.

Upon the ground owned by the company four more buildings the size of the one now in use could easily be built, and will be, if Clearfield grows as it now promises to.

Clearfield has reason for feeling greatly pleased with the textile mill, which is so capably conducted by the officials of the company.

E. FRED VOSBURG

Popular DuBois Citizen Passes Away After Brief Illness.

E. Fred Vosburg, a druggist and one of the most popular men in DuBois, died in that town Wednesday morning of peritonitis, having been ill only since last Friday.

Mr. Vosburg was 54 years old and was born in Driftwood. In 1879 he went to DuBois and opened a drug store, conducting the business until 1894, when he retired and engaged in the insurance business. He is survived by a widow, one son and one daughter.

Subscribe for the Progress.

CHAUTAUQUA NEARING END

Has Been a Busy Week Under The Big Tent

PATRONS VERY WELL PLEASED

Tonight the Avon Players Will Give a Concert and Chauncey J. Hawkins Will Lecture—Fine Program for Friday Afternoon and Evening—Junior Chautauqua.

The crowd that filled the big chautauqua tent last night was given a first class entertainment. The speech of Hon. Victor Murdock was both interesting and instructive. A brief resume of what the Kansas statesman said will be found elsewhere in the Progress.

The Tuskegee Institute singers pleased the audience with their songs and the moving pictures were excellent.

This afternoon at 2.30 Edward A. Mead lectured on "The Wine Press," and was followed by the presentation of "Childerella."

The Evening Program.

At 7.30 there will be a concert by the Avon players, who will play "The Toy Symphony." At 7.45 a xylophone and piano performance will be given by Robert Starback and sister and at 8.15 Chauncey J. Hawkins will lecture on "Bright Eyes and Wild Hearts of Our North Woods, or Hunting With a Camera."

Junior Chautauqua.

This morning's Junior chautauqua was an unusually interesting one to the children. A pretty chautauqua pin was given to each child and a Victrola concert was given, beginning at 11 o'clock. This last feature was surely an entertaining one, as the music was of the best and some of the pieces were new ones that have not yet been placed on sale to the public.

Friday's Program.

The program for Friday follows: 2.30—Lecture, Edward A. Mead, "Enoch Arden."

3.15—Concert, The Four Artists Miss Mellicent Melrose, soloist. Miss Melrose, who was soloist with the Adriatic band last year, was everywhere popular. Gabriel Hines, pianist, is professor of music in the Swathmore preparatory school and soloist and orchestra member for many important engagements. The Senerchio Brothers, violinist and flutist, won great approval in the musical centers of Italy. They will be received with enthusiasm.

3.45—Lecture, Mrs. Edith Ellicott Smith, "The Relation of Town and Country."

President of Pennsylvania Rural Progress association, social worker in rural communities. Mrs. Smith is a practical farmer with considerable scientific ability. She supervises her great fruit farm, Mount Equity, at Pennsdale, Pa. For three winters she was a student in the college of agriculture at Cornell university, studying agriculture and rural economics. Much of her work has been for the betterment of conditions for the rural housewife, so that in her lecture she will be thoroughly at home.

ELECTED PRESIDENT

David Starr Jordan Heads National Education Association.

(By International News Service) St. Paul, Minn., July 9.—David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Leland Stanford university, was unanimously elected president of the national education association, succeeding President Swain, of Swathmore college.

Help Wanted—You can always secure the right kind of domestic help through the Progress Want-Ads.

TELEPHONE MEN HOLD MEETING

HIS MIND AFFECTED

Ambrose Toot Sent to Institution for Feeble Minded at Polk.

Ambrose Toot, who has figured in a number of escapades in Clearfield and who on Monday pleaded guilty to the charge of breaking into a building and larceny, was taken to the state institution for feeble minded at Polk, Venango county.

Wednesday Judge Bell appointed Dr. A. D. Cowdrick, A. R. Chase and W. I. Leavy a committee to inquire into the state of Toot's mind, and they reported that he is not mentally balanced. Judge Bell directed that Toot be removed to Polk.

TENNIS GAME

Clearfield Trio Play Big Run Team to a Standstill Yesterday.

Three of Clearfield's best tennis players competed in a tournament held on Smith's court yesterday afternoon with four of Big Run's best players. The Clearfield boys were: Gregory Hartwick, William Patterson and Harold Wilson. Hartwick and Wilson playing at first, then Hartwick and Patterson. The boys from Big Run were: Howard Archer, John Groves, J. M. Tyson and son McClure. The tournament was a draw.

WANT WATER PLANT

Punxsutawney to Take Steps in That Direction Soon.

The borough council of Punxsutawney has authorized the borough solicitor to take the necessary steps looking to the acquisition of municipal water works in that town.

It is expected that work on the construction of the plant will begin in the near future.

GENERAL VILLA WAS NOT ASSASSINATED

Report That He Had Been Killed by a Woman is Denied

(By International News Service)

Jaurez, Mex., July 9.—Constitutionalist officers here deny the report sent out last night that General Villa had been assassinated by a woman.

The wife of General Huerta is said to have fled with \$1,000,000.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS

A party of young people held a picnic at William Owens last evening. A delicious picnic supper was served and a huge bon fire added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Everyone enjoyed a delightful time.

A jolly crowd from Clearfield held a picnic at Ferncliff, at the home of Frank Bloom, on Wednesday, July 8. A very delightful time was had, by the following:

Mesdames C. E. Clark, Ira Smeal, D. B. Stine, L. D. Brown, W. B. Shoff, C. R. Wilson, L. W. Luce, Annie Kramer, Fannie Kramer, W. N. Shippe, Fred Halford, Fred Conklin, Thos. McNeil, Philip Hinkle, Geo. Fullerton.

Misses Sophia Green, Lena McNeil, Alma Smeal, Genevieve Halford, Margaret Halford, Alma Smeal, Emma McNeil, Isabelle Conklin, Ariana Lansberry, Lillian Stine, Evoyne Shippe, Marguerite Brown, Margaret Smeal, Mabel Kramer, Reta Wilson, Helen Stine, Ludi Brown, Gladys Wilson, Ida Shaffer, Gwendolyn McNeil.

Messrs. Frank Brown, Russel Brown, Frederick Smeal, Earl LeRoy Kramer, Franklin Luce, Frederick Luce.

Marriage Licenses.

Howard Ivan McCracken, of Mahaffey and Olive Talcott, of Loraine, Ohio.

DOUBLE MURDERER PREFERS SHOOTING TO HANGING

(By International News Service)

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 9.—Joseph Hillstrom, better known as Joe Hill, a poet, and composer, a prominent I. W. W. leader, now awaiting execution for the murder of John G.

Officials of H. & C. Company Gather Here

ARE ON TOUR OF INSPECTION

After Attending to Business Here the Party Started on Visit to DuBois and Other Towns in This District—Company Building New Line Connecting H. & C. With Summerville, Between Punxsutawney and Indiana.

A number of prominent men from the central part of the state, anxiously interested in the Huntington and Clearfield Telephone properties, held a meeting in this city this morning, after which the party left in automobiles for a tour of inspection of the property. The party, to the number of eighteen or twenty, left at 11 o'clock in automobiles for DuBois, where they will be joined by a number of prominent business men of that town at luncheon at the Commercial hotel, after which the trip will be resumed, the party intending to inspect the exchanges at Brookville, Reynoldsburg, Punxsutawney and Indiana, as well as the trunk lines connecting these towns.

Building New Line. The Huntington & Clearfield Telephone company which recently acquired by purchase the property of the Summerville Telephone Co., is building a new line connecting the H. & C. and the Summerville properties between Indiana and Punxsutawney. Additional trunking circuits are also proposed between Clearfield and DuBois through Punxsutawney and Brookville into the Pittsburgh district.

The following named gentlemen were present at the meeting and were members of the inspection party leaving Clearfield:

Those at the Meeting. Rembrandt Peale, St. Benedict. W. H. Denlinger, Patton. David L. Taylor, Brookville. Frank Lang, Punxsutawney. H. B. Powell, Clearfield. Dr. J. A. Haven, Brookville. H. F. Bigler, Clearfield. H. B. Hartwick, Clearfield. H. J. Patton, Curwensville. W. H. Standford, Patton. Allison O. Smith, Clearfield. C. S. Russell, Curwensville. Rembrandt Peale, Jr., St. Benedict. A. E. Patton, Curwensville. James H. Allport, Barnesboro. M. I. McCright, DuBois. B. M. Marlin, DuBois. W. H. Patterson, DuBois.

JOY RIDER KILLED AT DEAD MAN'S CURVE

Other Persons Seriously & Not Mortally Injured

(By International News Service)

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 9.—Gerald Down, aged 24 years, son of Alderman J. Down, was killed and four others severely injured when their automobile turned turtle in the outskirts of this city, while joy riding. The injured are Frank Watts, aged 26 years of Howard City, Mich., William McGraw, of Grand Rapids. Both are unconscious, with heads, legs and bodies bruised. Katherine Lee and Elma Rafferty, both aged 19 years, were severely bruised.

The auto went over "Dead Man's Curve" on the Plainfield road. The girls will recover. Down's neck was broken.

The Weather.

(By International News Service) Generally fair tonight and Friday; slightly cooler in north portion.

Eliza in Jail.

Eliza Pennington has been lodged in jail, charged with vicious conduct.

JACOBSON'S

Furniture, Rugs,
Stoves and
Household Goods

—AT—
**POPULAR
PRICES**
—AT—

JACOBSON'S
212 REED STREET

The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Cheese in Variety

Imported Swiss Cheese,
Edam Cheese,
Pineapple Cheese,
Camembert Cheese,
N. Y. Cream Cheese.

Cafe Cheese,
Pimento Cheese,
Phila. Cream Cheese,
Roquefort Cheese,
Long Horn Cheese.
Oh! yes, Limberger Cheese in
1-lb bricks.

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

Mother's Bread

'NUF CED

CITY BAKERY

NO. 22 THIRD ST.

Clearfield, Penn'a.

TAXI?

—CALL—

Wallace Garage

PRICES RIGHT

H. & C. Phone Third Street

**WANTED: A
Bright Young
Man**

A long established and
reputable house—40
years in business—has
an opening in this city for a resident
representative. His time will be largely
his own; the work is pleasant and
agreeable; his profit averages more than
33% on the business done, and
previous experience is not essential.
This is an ideal opportunity for a young
man of good appearance, wide circle of
acquaintance and a genuine desire to
make good in a profitable field of work.
The earliest reply will receive first
consideration.

FOSTER GILROY
301 Lafayette Street
New York

The Merchant

WHO DOES NOT ADVERTISE
IS

In the Standstill Class

Truth Is Found at the Bot-
tom of the Well—ALSO
IN THIS PAPER.

For the Children

Alice Muriel Astor
Modest and Sweet.



Photo by American Press Association.

At the recent wedding of her brother, Vincent Astor, to Miss Helen Huntington, Miss Ava Alice Muriel Astor was one of the flower girls. Alice, as she is called, is twelve years of age and is said to be a sweet and winsome girl. By the will of her father, the late John Jacob Astor, who was lost in the Titanic disaster, Alice is to have the income of \$5,000,000 until she is twenty-one years old, when she will come into possession of the principal. Quite a lot of money for a small girl to be heir to. At the wedding Alice wore a frock of corn colored chiffon and net, with blue sash and garden hat, the same as the other flower girls. An interesting feature of the wedding was that the dogs of the Huntington estate, a dozen in number, were running about in the house, their collars decorated with white satin ribbons.

About Umbrellas.

That the umbrella can lay claim to a history probably never has occurred to you, yet as a shade from the sun the umbrella is an implement of great antiquity and can be seen in the paintings and sculptures of very ancient Egypt. From Africa it passed, as an object of distinction, to Greece and Rome. During the middle ages umbrellas ceased to be used in Europe, but during the sixteenth century horsemen, of all people, revived the fashion in Italy. And in the next century the umbrella found its way to Britain, but it did not become popular until, during the reign of Anne, a covering of oiled silk was substituted for feathers. Even then only ladies used umbrellas. The eighteenth century had half elapsed ere a man was seen carrying one in London, and that brave fellow bore the name Jonas Hanway.

Game of Shadow Buff.

To play shadow buff a large white sheet is hung securely on one side of the room, and on a table some distance behind a very bright lamp must be placed, other lights being extinguished. One of the party takes a seat on a low stool between the lamp and the sheet, but nearer the latter than the former. One after another the company pass behind him, their shadows falling on the sheet as they pass, and the person sitting down tries to guess who each one is. The players are allowed to disguise themselves to a slight extent, and gestures of any kind may be practiced.

Within the Pale.

When a thing is within the proper bounds or limits we speak of it as "within the pale."

That part of the kingdom of Ireland in which English rule was acknowledged after the conquest of 1172 was called the Pale. It included Dublin and the counties of Meath, Louth, Carlow and Kilkenny and was so called because the conquerors inclosed or impaled themselves within these limits as a safeguard against the enemy. Only such laws as had their beginning within the Pale were recognized as legitimate, and hence the meaning of "within the pale."

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.**Stopping Nosebleed.**

There are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side. These branch off from the main arteries on each side of the wind-pipe and, running up toward the eyes, pass over the outside of the jawbone, about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Now, suppose your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist; then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jawbone.

The result will be that not a drop of blood goes into that side of the face, while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow, and the ruptured vessels in the nose probably by that time will contract, so that when you let the blood into them they will not bleed. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way.

Marks of the Beasts.

On every side in the Malay wilds the traces of the beasts—about here live as scheduled, as safe from molestation, as did their ancestors in pre-Adamite days—are visible on tree trunk, on beaten game path and on the yielding clay at the drinking places by the hurrying stream. Here a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows that an elephant has rubbed his itching back against the rough bark of a tree, and, see, coarse hairs are still sticking in the hardened clay. There a long, sharp scratch repeated at regular intervals marks the passing of a rhinoceros. Here, again, is the pad mark of a tiger barely an hour old, and the pitted tracks of deer of all sizes and varieties surround the deeply punched holes which are the footsteps of an elephant. —Cornhill Magazine.

A Drink of Water.

A glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draft. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it and may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

Keep the Mouth Clean.

A noted medical authority asserts that our unclean mouths, diseased teeth and gums are a constant and insidious menace to health. They are a source of infection in the individual and a dangerous depot for the dissemination of disease to others.

No Interruptions.

"Now, if you'll meet me at my office tonight I'll put you on to a big deal."
"Sorry, old man, but I'm following a continued story in the moving pictures. I must be there tonight or I'll miss an important installment."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Harvest Moon.

The harvest moon is the full moon that makes its appearance at the time of the harvest or about the autumnal equinox. It rises at the same time for several days.

**TAKE
YOUR
CHOICE**

By HOLLAND.

MANUFACTURERS are of two kinds—the honest and dishonest. The one makes the best goods, the other makes the worst. Each has his own particular scheme of life.

The honest manufacturer aims to make the best goods he can and to advertise them so that all the world will know of their merits. He courts investigation. He wants customers to hold him to a rigid accountability.

The dishonest manufacturer hopes to profit by deception. He produces an article that will be offered as "just as good" though he knows it is inferior. He seeks to make a larger profit than the honest manufacturer, and this larger profit is necessary because he has to find new customers day after day.

**MANUFACTURERS
WHO ADVERTISE
ARE THE HONEST ONES.**

**SAGE TEA DANDY
TO DARKEN HAIR**

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Lustre to Hair.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old, famous Sage Tea Recipe are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray, becoming faded, dry, scraggly and thin have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your lock becomes luxuriantly dark and beautiful—all dandruff goes, scalp itching and falling hair stops.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

Diogenes' Tub.

The tub in which Diogenes, the cynic, made his home was a great earthen jar, discarded from the Cybele temple. It had been used for wine or oil for the sacrifices of the temple and was sufficiently large to allow the philosopher a reclining place.

The truth of this tale has been called into question, although it is said that during the Peloponnesian war the Athenians dwelt in just such vessels and that even after the death of Diogenes such receptacles were used as dwelling places by the poor.

The Jolly Miller.

There was a jolly miller once
Went skating on the Dee.
The ice was thin, and he fell in—
No fish so wet as he.
"Oh, dear," he cried, "I did not know
The ice was quite so slim!
A bathing suit instead of skates
Were better for a swim!"
—New York Press.

Careless.

Mrs. Henpeck—You were talking in your sleep last night, Henry. Mr. Henpeck—I beg your pardon, my dear, for having interrupted you.—Stray Stories.

Very Much Gone.

"Edith, is that young man gone?"
called the landlady at ten bells.
"Yes, completely," came the answer.
—Michigan Gargoyle.

**STATEMENT OF THE
Bituminous National Bank
OF WINBURNE, PA.**

No. 7334.

Condensed from its report to the
Comptroller of the Currency.
At the close of business June 30, 1914.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	\$137,007.70
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	3.76
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	50,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	110,836.93
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	6,000.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	500.31
Due from approved Reserve Agents	11,869.57
Checks and other cash items	1,146.57
Notes of other National banks	\$10.00
Fractional paper currency, Nickles and Cents	120.00
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz: Specie	\$25,674.65
Legal-tender notes	570.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,500.00
Total	\$367,639.49

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	14,000.00
Undivided profits, less expense and Taxes paid	258.48
National Bank notes outstanding	49,170.00
Due to other National banks	1,265.04
Dividends unpaid	1,542.00
Individual deposits subject to check	237,967.31
Time certificates of deposit payable within 30 days	2,446.11
Time certificates of deposit payable after 30 days	9,997.82
Cashier's checks outstanding	992.73
Total	\$367,639.49

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA
COUNTY OF CLEARFIELD, ss.

I, J. Malcolm Laurie, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. MALCOLM LAURIE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 1914.
W. D. DUKEMAN, Notary Public.
Correct Attest:—
ROBT. H. SOMMERVILLE,
RICHARD H. GEORGE,
H. G. JONES.



Maline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Gauze Vests and Union Suits

are knitted from long fibre cotton, making them cool to the skin, silky in appearance and giving the utmost wear. **Maline** vests are the most comfortable undergarments on the market, because they have the patented

Sta Up

Shoulder Straps

Can't fall down or slip over the shoulder. Our stock embraces vests at 10c, 15c, 25c and up—union suits at 25c, 50c and up. Come in and see them.

**Good Assortments
of Underwear****For Men**

B. V. D. \$1.00

Men's 2-piece-suits, . . . 50c to \$1.00

Boy's 2-piece-suits 50c

Small Boy's Union Suits 25c

**Large Stocks of
Hosiery**

Men's Hosiery, pair, 10c to 50c

Ladies' Hosiery, pair, . . . 10c to \$1.00

Misses' Hosiery, pair, . . . 10c to 25c

Boy's Hosiery, pair 10c to 25c

ROSS & WOODS

Finest in the World
Makes More and Better Bread than other Flour
F. A. WALKER, DISTRIBUTOR
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Harvest Equipment

Usually there are a few things still needed, overlooked perhaps until the busy harvest days are upon you, or possibly a breakdown occurs in some part of your equipment during these busy days. What an annoyance not to be able to replace the needed tool or part QUICKLY. Our stock is calculated to meet just such emergencies. If you will write, telephone or wire us your needs we will supply you just as quickly as modern postal and shipping facilities will reach you. Check up and see whether you have sufficient of the following:

Grain Rakes	Grain Cradles
Binder Twine	Single and double Harpoon
Hay Forks	Hay Forks
Grain Forks	Mower and Binder Knife
Knife Guards	Sections and Rivets.
Sickle Bar Grinders	Scythes and Snaths
Scythe Stones	Grind Stones
Manilla rope, all sizes,	Plain and Knot Passing Pul
leys in Malleable cast or Steel frames, wood or iron	
Sheaves.	
Machine Oil	Oilers
Butt Chains	Trace Chains

Clearfield Hardware Company



Do you need a Rake, Hoe, Spade, Lawn Mower, Wheelbarrow, or anything in the way of Garden Hose? If so, you will find the most complete stock of the best of everything in our Garden Requisite Department. The prices will interest you.

Both Phones



All the people read the Progress

World's Greatest Short Stories

No. III.

A MUNICIPAL REPORT

By O. HENRY

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. Montague Glass, Gouverneur Morris and Richard Harding Davis all declare that O. Henry's "A Municipal Report" is one of the world's greatest short stories.



O. HENRY



MONTAGUE GLASS

PART I.

EAST is east and west is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people, they are not merely inhabitants of a state. They are the southerners of the west. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city, but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have in the climate an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coat bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the new world. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say, "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance and the atlas.

Nashville—A city, port of delivery and the capital of the state of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland river and on the N. C. and St. L. and the L. and N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the south.

I stepped off the train at 8 p. m. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, use to me comparison in the form of a recipe:

Take of London fog, thirty parts; malaria, ten parts; gas leaks, twenty parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, twenty-five parts; odor of honeysuckle, fifteen parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a mothball nor as thick as pea soup, but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbler. It required strong self suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby and a new L. and N. timetable and a lithograph of Lookout mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers en brochette.

At dinner I asked a negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute and then replied, "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doing after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished. It had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds, and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of \$22,470 per annum.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there saw street cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon, saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation and heard a burst of semilively laughter issuing from a soda water and ice cream parlor. There was indeed little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood, advanced against Nashville, where he set up a national force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I had heard of, admired and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the south in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not

suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick—the tile floor, the beautiful tile floor!

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend A. Tennyson said, as he so well said almost everything.

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip. And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable ad lib. A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy and with a kind of sleepy masiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one sh. le virtue—he was very smoothly sh. en. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings. Instead of squirrel rifles, so I sidestepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a noncom batant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays "Dixie" I do not cheer.

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist and the first gun at Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of he took up to my distaste his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar upon the bar. Then, of course, an other serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely, for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously, "If that man Caswell has annoyed you and if you would like to make a complaint we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer and without any known means of support, although he seems to have money most of the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I after some reflection. "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger with n your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night."

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was only about 10 o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as cur-rants in a cake sold at the Ladies' exchange.

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the south and does an enormous whole sale dry goods grocery and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a northern literary magazine to stop over there and estab-

lish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clew to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their 1 o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at 2 cents a word before some other publisher of fered her 10 or 20.

At 9 o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers en brochette (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Caesar. He was a stalwart negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus and a second afterward of the late King Cetewayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expected to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in colors. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat beside it would have faded to a pale monochrome.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving "black mammy") new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long missing frogs. And to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a back line with it after he left the ark. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Step right in, sub, ain't a speck of dust in it—jus' got back from a funeral, sub."

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine street," I said and was about to step into the back. But for an instant the thick, long gorilla like arm of the old negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandly:

"What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', sub, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town, and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jus' got back from a funeral, sub."

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving. I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of ten square miles. 181 miles of streets of which 137 miles are paved, a system of waterworks that cost \$2,000,000, with seventy-seven miles of mains.

Eighty-sixty one Jessamine street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood outnerved in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overtopped and almost hid the pulling fence from sight, the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his 50 cents with an additional quarter feeling a glow of conscious generosity as I did so. He refused it.

"It's \$2, sub," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel, 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's \$2, sub," he repeated obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them myself for the drizzle). "Well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cetewayo softened. "Is you from the south, sub?" I reckon it was them shoes of yours fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a southern gen'tleman to wear."

"Then the charge is 50 cents, I suppose," said I inexorably.

"Boss," he said, "50 cents is right but I needs \$2, sub. I'm obliged to have \$2. I ain't demandin' it now sub, after I knows whar you's from. I'm jus' savin' that I has to have \$2 tonight, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having

picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance. "You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down into my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew, he knew. HE KNEW. I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parious times. Its upper right hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper pasted over the split preserved its negotiability.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

PART II.

AZALEA ADAIR, fifty years old, white haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white pine bookshelves, a cracked marble top table, a rug rug, a hairless horsehair sofa and two or

(Continued on 6th Page.)



"Our Poultry Very Fine, Madam"

WE make a SPECIALTY of selling only the very FINEST and TENDEREST poultry in the market. Young broilers and older birds are all fresh killed. NO COLD STORAGE product here. You really get your MONEY WORTH. That's true also of all our meats. Give us a CHANCE to CONVINCE you.

KLINE & STEMPFLY,

Nevling Building 13 Third Street Clearfield, Pa.

MEAT INJURIOUS TO THE KIDNEYS

Take a tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder Bothers.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night, when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

G. N. Ellenberger, .	Clearfield
Ross & Woods, . . .	Clearfield
J. S. Beahan,	Clearfield
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T. C. Hile,	Curwensville
Harry Teats,	Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, . . .	Curwensville
G. M. Clute,	Curwensville
C. F. Hays,	Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, . .	Curwensville
W. A. Hipps,	Curwensville
Rafferty Bros., . . .	Gramplan
Gramplan Supply Co.,	Gramplan
W. E. Derrick,	Gramplan
A. McGrath,	Gramplan
H. P. Wriglesworth, . .	Gramplan
M. Hartzfeld,	Gramplan
J. T. Pickles,	Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.,	Bigler
Ed Shaw,	Shawville
C. P. Rowles,	Olanta
D. B. Hile,	Lumber City
F. B. Johnston,	Curry Run

Geo. H. Lum

DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for
Pennsylvania.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department.

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - \$1,500,000.00

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"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The Courty National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - \$225,000.00

Saved from Earnings, - 865,000.00

Present Invested Capital, - \$1,090,000.00

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We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

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Published every day except Sunday by the Progressive Publishing Company, Opera House Building, Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

Official Organ of the Washington Party of Clearfield County.

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IMPORTANT DATES.

Presbyterian day, Lakemont park, Altoona, July 16.
Methodist day, Lakemont park, Altoona, July 30.
Big picnic at New Millport, July 30.
National Star Spangled Banner centennial, Sept. 6 to 13.
Labor day, September 7.
Columbus day, October 12.
Thanksgiving day, November 26.
Christmas, December 25.

Thursday, July 9, 1914

Washington State Ticket

United States Senator.
Gifford Pinchot, Pike county.
Governor.
William Draper Lewis, Philadelphia
Lieutenant Governor.
Percy F. Smith, Allegheny county.
Secretary of Internal Affairs.
Fred E. Lewis, Lehigh county.
Congress-at-Large.
Lex N. Mitchell, Jefferson county.
Arthur J. Rupley, Cumberland county.
Anderson H. Walters, Cambria county.
Harry Watson, Mercer county.

Washington District Ticket

Congress—21st District.
Guy B. Mayo, McKean county.
Senator—34th District.
Alonso S. Moulthrop, Clearfield county.

Washington County Ticket

Earl G. Boose Brady township.
Edward Lippert, Lawrence township.
Albertus G. Woodward, Curwensville.

WHY?

Why not spend some of the loose money about town in putting down a test well for oil or gas?

Good evening! You'd feel lost if you didn't have the Progress to bring you the news of the world each evening, wouldn't you?

NOTES FOR WOMEN

Whether or not anybody was convinced one way or the other by the arguments advanced by the two speakers who took opposite sides on Wednesday, those who listened to the speeches were more or less edified. The question is one that may be dilated upon sincerely or hypocritically, and debates upon the subject have little if any effect upon the minds of the people.

That the time will come when women may vote no one will deny, nor will any sensible person gainsay the statement that intelligent, patriotic women are as capable to decide political questions as are men possessed of similar qualifications. Whether or not the women who would know how to use the ballot would take advantage of the privilege is a mooted question. The country would be in no better situation if the women of judgment were to refuse to vote than it is now when ignorant, debased men help to elect the country's rulers.

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

Doubting Thomases who predicted that the Clearfield textile plant on the West Side would not be an important industry should apologize for having made a hasty, unfounded prediction. The silk mill is one of the growing industries of Clearfield. Already it has installed forty looms, which, in view of the fact that inexperienced persons have to be taught the trade, is a remarkable achievement. The plant is at present one of the best equipped silk factories in the state, and in time will be inferior in the volume of product to none in the state.

The Clearfield Textile company is comprised of gentlemen who not only understand the silk-making business, but who have regard for the health, safety and comfort of their employees, as a visit to the plant will prove. Not only these things are the concern of the officials, but the moral welfare of

the employees is given much attention. The young girl who enters the mill to work must be of good moral character. It is gratifying to know that as the business increases the company will enlarge its facilities and that before many years it will be necessary to erect another of the five large buildings which the company planned to construct when it chose Clearfield as the location of its plant.

Give women the vote and they'll vote out of existence the slayer of song and other birds from which milliners produce aigrettes and other hat plumage—probably.

While there are not many new houses being erected this summer in Clearfield, carpenters are busy making repairs and are anticipating a building boom next year.

Automobile accidents of a fatal character are becoming so numerous that it would seem to be part of wisdom to run the cars in a safe and sane manner.

John D. Rockefeller was seventy-five years old Wednesday. Still has a number of years in which to reflect that he cannot take any of his wealth with him.

There's some speculation among the women of Clearfield as to whether the lady who spoke against women's suffrage is a wife or a widow.

When Victor Murdock speaks his hearers listen with avidity, for the Kansas statesman always has something interesting to say.

Clearfield county has not one creamery, that at DuBois. There is room in this county for a dozen industries of this kind.

If there is oil or natural gas in this county either one would be more valuable as a commodity than lying in the depth of the earth.

It is a duty you owe to yourself to read the advertisements in the Progress every evening.

One of the Weather Men.

Shortly after the establishment of a station in Wytheville by the weather bureau a youth named Tom erected a signal pole on his mother's coal shed. He would daily hoist flags of his own in imitation of the ones of the government. This was done so persistently that Mary, a neighbor's daughter, soon adjusted her movements for the day to Tom's flags.

On the morning for a picnic she was rejoiced at the sight of a fair weather flag flying from Tom's daispole. Her mother, being discouraged by the number of clouds, remarked, "You cannot depend on his flags, for he may not have followed the weather man's." Mary, thinking them thoroughly reliable, said, "You can depend on them, mother, for Tom does his own guessing!"—National Monthly.

Foiled the Culprit.

Dr. Kennedy, a former head master of Shrewsbury school, has a keen sense of humor. One year, on April 1, an audacious schoolboy put the school clock forward, and the chapel bell was rung an hour too soon. The culprit duly received the alarming order to come to the head master's room a little before noon.

Preparations were made for the usual form of punishment. The cane whizzed in the air, but, bracing his nerves to meet its descent the victim found himself untouched. A second time he heard it swung with sound and fury, yet it signified nothing. The boy was still trembling for the third stroke when he heard the master's voice:

"Go away, you April fool!"—London Answers.

The Coldest Hour.

The proverb which tells us that "the darkest hour is that before dawn" is inaccurate, for light increases in the morning as gradually as it decreases in the evening. The saying should be "the coldest hour," etc., which is perfectly true and is owing to causes connected with the deposit of dew. Hour-frosts, too, usually take place just before daylight and are an additional cause of the peculiar chilliness of this time.—London Mail.

Subscribe for the Progress.

IN THE MOVIES

Manager Boyer of the New Opera house has a treat in store for those who like real live pictures with plenty of action to them, and the attendance should be good tonight. The picture is entitled "The Million Dollar Pearl Mystery." It is just as interesting as a picture could be in three reels, and the acting is very clever. Another number which will dispel all your blues is called "Fretzeli Captures the Smugglers," and is bound to be a laugh provoker right from the start.

Two Los Angeles newspaper plants were requisitioned by Otis Turner, director of the Universal Special Features company, for the "Sob Sisters," a two reel drama of newspaper life. "The Suburban," a race track story, will be Mr. Turner's next picture. After that comes "Damon and Pythias."

NOTES OF THE MOVIES

Still running 18 pictures ahead of his release schedule, Al. E. Christie and his Universal Nestor Comedy company, has just completed the fourth picture of the "Sophie of the

Films" series. The quartet of pictures required three weeks of work, Victoria Forde, Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons have the principal roles in the series.

In the protean play, in two reels, which is being finished at the Imp studio, Kink Baggot will establish a record. King will have enacted every role, fourteen in all, from the coy heroine to the scheming villain. Naturally, there will be a wealth of double and even triple photographic effects. The play is from the pen of George Hall and is being produced by Mr. Baggot himself.

The eleventh series of Lucile Love, shown at the opera house last evening met with hearty applause from the audience, as this series invariably does. Two reels of the pictures were shown and time and time again the enthusiastic audience applauded as the pictures showed Lucile in her hazardous attempts to obtain the papers in Ford Loubeque's possession that are so valuable to her.

Three reels of other pictures were also shown. "When Smaltz Loved" being especially well received and convulsing the audience with laughter.

Cookery Points

Variety in Strawberry Time.

To the woman whose duties as housewife include the task of devising desserts for the year the coming of the strawberry season is a relief. The family is then treated to fresh strawberries for lunch, strawberries and cream for dinner, strawberries and cake tomorrow dinner. Of course every one likes strawberries, and fresh fruits are unquestionably healthful, so why not have strawberries for breakfast when they are in season instead of other fruits?

The really wise housewife makes strawberry desserts last through the strawberry season by varying her way of presenting them, and it would be difficult to find a fruit that may be served in a greater variety of delicious ways.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Take four cupfuls of sifted flour, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of lard and enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Take the hulls from two quarts of strawberries and sprinkle them with granulated sugar, enough to make a quantity of sirup, and let them stand for half an hour. Sift the salt, flour and baking powder together, rub in the shortening and then with a fork stir in lightly and quickly the milk, making a dough that is too soft to be rolled. Turn this into two greased tins and bake a light brown in a quick oven, testing with a straw to see when done. Butter the layers and spread the first with strawberries, pouring over a part of the juice. Place on top of this the next layer, the rest of the berries and juice, set in the oven a few moments and serve hot with a pitcher of sweet cream.

Strawberry Omelet.

When you find a nice box of ripe strawberries fine in flavor buy them and also half a dozen of the freshest eggs. Pick over the berries, saving out about half of the finest solid ones. Cut these in half, put into bowl and add two large tablespoonfuls of sugar, mixed with a little grated orange peel and a dash of lemon juice or grapefruit. Set in refrigerator. Make an omelet of the six eggs and when ready to fold over fill with the sliced berries drained from all juice. Turn the omelet out on the dish, dust with powdered sugar and serve at once.

Jellied Rice With Strawberries.

Wash one cupful of rice through several waters, put on to boil with four quarts boiling water and boil fifteen minutes; drain. Have two cupfuls of milk in top of double boiler, add the rice and boil thirty minutes; add one teaspoonful gelatin, which has been dissolved in one tablespoonful boiling water; add three-quarter cupful sugar; stir until dissolved. Pour into mold or bowl, which has been rinsed with cold water, set aside in cold place until ready to serve. Turn the rice out on large plate or bowl, and pour crushed strawberries around or over.

Strawberry Whip.

Pick over, wash, hull and drain berries. There should be one and one-fourth cupfuls. Put in a bowl with one cupful of powdered sugar and the white of one egg. Beat, using a wire whisk, until the mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. About one-half hour will be required for the beating. Pile lightly on a dish and accompany with cold boiled custard, vanilla flavored.

Iced Strawberry Pudding.

Boil two heaping cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water together for

thirty minutes, watching that it does not get too thick. Beat the yolks of six eggs very light and add to the boiling sirup. Stir a moment over the fire, then turn into a large bowl and beat until cold and thick. Then add one pint of strawberry juice and freeze.

Strawberry Cake.

Make a sponge cake according to any good recipe, bake in a border mold and let stand till night. Ten minutes before serving arrange the cake on a platter and fill the center with alternate layers of whole berries and sweetened whipped cream, putting a rim of the cream around the outer edge of the cake and bordering it with berries.

Strawberry Fritters.

Take one cupful mashed and strained strawberries, three beaten eggs, one tablespoonful sugar, one cupful flour, one teaspoonful baking powder. Add more flour if needed to make batter stiff enough. Drop by spoonfuls into very hot fat and fry like doughnuts. Serve with mashed strawberries.

Strawberry Pie.

Line a deep pie plate with pie crust and prick in several places. Bake to a delicate brown. Fill the shell with crushed, sweetened berries and spread with whipped cream. Or place one quart of sweetened berries in a deep baking dish, cover with a sheet of rich pie crust and bake.

Strawberry Jelly.

Make a lemon jelly and fill your mold with nicely picked strawberries. Pour your lemon jelly over them till the mold is full. Set on ice to harden. Serve with sugar and cream.

Street Traffic in Old Time London.

On Jan. 19, 1635, an attempt was made to solve the problem of London traffic by restricting the number of hackney coaches. Charles I. issued a proclamation setting out that "hackney coaches are not only a great disturbance to his majesty, his dearest consort, the queen, the nobility and others of place and degree in their passage through the streets, but the streets themselves are so pestered and the pavements so broken up that the common passage is thereby hindered and made dangerous, and the prices of hay, provender, etc., thereby made exceedingly dear. Wherefore we expressly command and forbid that no hackney coaches or hired carriages be used or suffered in London, Westminster or the suburbs thereof except they be to travel three miles out of the same. And also that no person shall go in a coach through the said streets except the owner of the coach shall constantly keep up four able horses for our service when required."

An Error in Geography.

On one occasion the British lost a point in their war with Russia by reason of an error in their geography. This was when Commodore Elliot had succeeded in blockading the Russian fleet in the gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. The Russians were in a cul de sac, and the British ships waited contentedly for such time as the enemy should venture to put to sea. But they waited in vain, and at last an investigation was made. It was found that the Russian fleet had vanished. While the British commodore waited at the south end of the gulf, the Russian ships slipped away through the shallows at the north end into the sea of Okhotsk. Until this discovery was made the British government had believed Saghalin to be a peninsula. Now, too late, they learned that it was an island, with a very narrow channel at the north end of the gulf running into the sea of Okhotsk.

Digestive Marvels.

An Eskimo has been found—and no very unusual Eskimo at that—who eats, when he can get it, four pounds of boiled meat per day. When an Eskimo can get all he wants to eat he makes a business of it. He doesn't

store it in the refrigerator, but in his stomach.

Yet the Eskimo is a healthy creature, peculiarly free from digestive disorders.

"A Copenhagen doctor has a subject—he isn't a patient nor a 'case,' but an exhibit—who is keeping up wonderfully on potatoes and oleomargarine. He eats, it is said, eight pounds of potatoes a day when working hard. He likewise enjoys capital health.

It is strange in view of these two instances that a prominent medical authority should venture to inquire whether many of the rigid rules of physicians who prescribe systems of diet are well founded.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Willing to Help.

One morning a rather commanding looking woman entered a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. The editor was promptly produced.

"In your paper this morning," said the woman in a cold, hard voice, "you say that Mr. Jones is a bribe-taker, a swindler, a mudslinger and a crook."

"It is a matter of politics, madam," said the editor apologetically. "I am very sorry that we are compelled to make statements of that kind on your account, for I take it that you are a relative."

"I am his wife's mother," answered the visitor, "and I want to say that you haven't told more than half the truth. The next time you want to publish his biography I wish you would send a reporter to me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Missing the Pipe.

When Jones got home the other night he found the family in a panic and the house being flooded from a burst water pipe. The first thing he did was to scold his wife for not having sense enough to go down to the cellar and hammer up the supply pipe to prevent the water from escaping. Then he went downstairs and was soon heard hammering vigorously. After some minutes' strenuous work, giving one last mighty blow, he asked, "How is it now?"

"There is no difference in the flow of the water," his wife calmly replied, "but as the light has gone out I very much fear you have hammered up the gas pipe."—Exchange.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

Sixty-seventh Birthday
Of Famous Inventor Finds
Him in Excellent Health.



Photo by American Press Association.

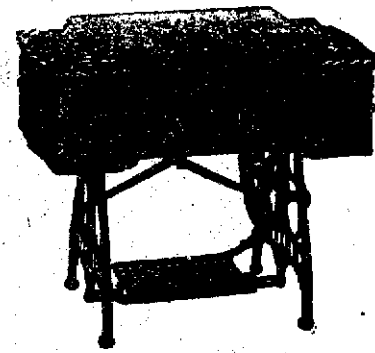
Thomas A. Edison was born on Feb. 11, 1847. A quiet celebration of his sixty-seventh birthday was arranged at his home. However, on Feb. 11 he plans to go to his summer home at Fort Myer, Va., where he will carry on his experiments. He shipped a lot of apparatus from his laboratory, as the "wild" weather rears. Mrs. Edison has said that her husband's work is making her husband get enough sleep. Frequently he works all night.

The Return.

Magistrate—If I remember rightly this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner—No, your honor, but I hope you don't judge by appearance.

There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Sand.

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Second Street Clearfield, Pa.



Paste These Facts In Your Hat!

We employ only careful and expert auto mechanics. We attend to all tire and engine trouble promptly. We guarantee our prices for auto-repairing cheaper than anywhere else for quality of service rendered. We are entirely trustworthy. Utmost care given to all cars. We carry a big line of accessories at low prices.

This is the biggest and most reliable garage in this part of the state. Best service at lowest cost. We save you worry.

WALLACE GARAGE,
Repairing Storage Supplies
CLEARFIELD, PENN.
Agents For **COLE** Motor Cars.



IN THE WORLD OF SPORT



RAILROAD NEWS

Items of Interest, Gathered Here and There, For The Boys Who Man The Trains



YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

New York 7; Cleveland 1.

New York, July 9—New York opened its stand against the western teams yesterday by winning the opening game against Cleveland by a score of 7-1. Warhop pitched a steady game for New York, while Mitchell's wild throw resulted in his downfall in the fourth. The Yankees battled Callamore all over the lot in the eighth inning. Cree celebrated his return to the Yankees with three hits and a pass in four times up. A jumping one-handed catch by Grayson Bonnewas the feature.

Quakers Defeat Pirates.

Pittsburg, July 9—Fred Clarke picked his pitchers wrong yesterday afternoon, and enabled Doozin's Quakers to score an easy victory in the start of the second western trip. Score 10 to 7.

The Pittsburg manager used three twirlers. O'Loole and Conzelman divided the first four innings and were slaughtered by the Phillies for ten hits and the same number of runs. Maman, a local youth, then took up the burden, and held the Quakers hitless during the remainder of the game.

Braves in Eleventh Floor Cubes.

Chicago, July 9—A base on balls in the eleventh inning paved the way to a 7 to 4 victory for Boston over Chicago yesterday. With the score tied, Murray, taking Collin's place, walked. Whilling sacrificed. Murray went to third on a wild pitch and scored the winning run on Catcher's single. The visitors clinched the game by slugging in two more runs.

Fishermen's Language.

A correspondent of the English magazine, Country Life, has been studying the vocabulary of Hastings fishermen. He says: "Where there is a dead calm, with the air hot and moist, the weather is said to be 'planety'. If it is oppressively sultry with a heavy sky and oily sea it is 'swallowy', and presages a storm, which often breaks suddenly with a roaring squall. A long loop of cloud with trailing ends is designated an 'eddenbite', blown out streamers of white cloud are 'windogs', large wool pack-like clouds scurrying before a high wind are 'messengers', small, widely scattered clouds floating in an otherwise clear sky, are 'postboys'. Occasionally, when the sun is setting, a mock sun is seen on each side of the solar disk. This phenomenon goes by the name of 'smitherdiddles' and is regarded as a sign of bad weather. A thick, soaking mist, moving rapidly from the land over the sea, is called an 'egger jagger'."

The Plain of Curragh.

The Curragh (a plain in the County Kildare, Ireland) is a stretch of open ground of about 4,800 acres and serves the twin purposes of a large military camp and a race course, and in the latter capacity it has a reputation extending as far back as the first century A. D., at which period, if records may be accepted, chariot races were a diversion which the people of the time permitted themselves. The camp only dates from the Crimean war. The plain of Curragh was often the scene of hostile engagements between early Irish kings, and it is St. Bridget who is credited with having received a grant of the district from the king of Leinster and with having turned it into a common. The young men of Kildare are often jokingly described as "the boys of the short grass" in allusion to the herbage of the district of Curragh.—Westminster Gazette.

When Noah Entered the Ark.

March 17 was celebrated in the middle ages as the day on which Noah entered the ark, and a very busy day it must have been if we are to believe the medieval dramatists, for Noah's wife was always the typical shrew of the period.

In the Chester cycle when Noah tells her of the coming flood she sneers at him for his credulity and abuses him for always bringing bad news. "Bidden hold her tongue," her abuse only becomes more stinging. Noah strikes her, she hits back, and a good set-to ensues till the man retires to make the ark. When it is finished she refuses to enter.

"Wif, com in," says Noah. "Why standest thou there?"

Finally her sons bring her in by force, and Noah welcomes her.

"Welcome, wif, unto this bofe," and for his welcome he gets a whacking, which makes him exclaim:

Lord, that women be crabbed aye!
And non are make, I dare well saye.

—London Chronicle.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Athletics, 3; Detroit, 0.
Chicago, 4; Boston, 2, 1st game.
Chicago, 5; Boston, 4, 2nd game.
St. Louis, 6; Washington, 5.
New York, 7; Cleveland, 1.

Today's Games.
Detroit at Philadelphia, 2 games.
St. Louis at Washington.
Chicago at Boston.
Cleveland at New York.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Phillies, 10; Pittsburg, 7.
St. Louis, 4; New York, 3.
Cincinnati, 6; Brooklyn, 5.
Boston, 7; Chicago, 4, (11 innings.)

Today's Games.
Phillies at Pittsburg.
New York at St. Louis.
Boston at Chicago.
Brooklyn at Cincinnati.

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Brooklyn, 6; Baltimore, 4, 1st game.
Brooklyn, 4; Baltimore, 3, 2nd game.
Buffalo, 5; Pittsburg, 1.
Chicago, 5; Kansas City, 1.
St. Louis, 6; Indianapolis, 3.

Today's Games.
Kansas City at St. Louis.
Indianapolis at Chicago.
Baltimore at Brooklyn.
Pittsburg at Buffalo.

Philadelphia, July 9—So much mystery issued from Eddie Plank's long arm yesterday that he was able to shut out Detroit in the introductory match of a series for the lead in the American League pennant quarrel. Score, 3 to 0.

This 39-year-old pattern of dura-

bility had one of his frequent days in which his cross fire makes the hostiles think they are grasping toothpicks instead of ashen bludgeons.

Here are some of the vital statistics:

Three swats off Plank.
Three passes.
Only two men reached second base.
Only two men reached base in the last five innings.

Only thirty-one Tigers faced him.
It is easy to see from this that the Michigan folks played a silent part in the bout.

White Sox Win Two.

Boston, July 9—Chicago moved up in the American League race and Boston dropped when the White Sox won two games from the home team, 4 to 2 in ten innings, and 5 to 4, yesterday. An accident helped Chicago in the first game, and cost Boston the services of Hooper, crack right fielder who collided with Speaker while both were trying to catch a fly.

The Red Sox forced Benz to retire in the eighth, scoring three runs on as many hits and two passes. With the bases full, Faber came in as relief pitcher for the second time during the day, and forced Gardner to fly for the third out.

S. Louis 6; Washington 5.

Washington, July 9—St. Louis won a 6-to-5 victory over Washington yesterday mainly through Boehling's effectiveness. The Browns scored five runs in the first two innings on six hits and a hit batsman. After scoring a run in the fourth on Milan's triple and Gandil's single, Washington rallied in the eighth, scoring four runs on two singles and Milan's second triple, but Mitchell relieved Baumgardner and stopped the scoring.

growing taller and taller, and as they "grow" they wave their arms and tremble all over from ankle to head. Like the tall, tasseled cane waving in the wind, and still they keep on chanting louder and louder. The last figure represents a series of combats meant to symbolize the exactions of the chiefs, who compel the "kai," willing and unwilling, to come and cut their crops.—London Standard.

Etruscan Vases.

The famous Etruscan vases were wrongly named, for, though made in Etruria, they were the productions of Greek genius. They are elegant in form and enriched with bands of beautiful foliage and other ornaments, figures and similar objects of a highly artistic character. One class has black figures and ornaments on a red ground—the natural color of the clay; another has the figures of the natural color and the ground painted black. The former class belong to a date about 600 B. C., the latter date about a century later and extend over a period of some 300 or 350 years.

Tobacco In France.

Twenty great factories work up the whole of the tobacco manufactured in France, and the right to retail is jealously guarded by the state. Permits to open tobacco shops are usually granted to widows of officers of the army and navy or of other employees of the government.—London Telegraph.

GRAMPIAN.

The Misses Margaret and Isabella Thorburn, of O'Shanter, spent the 4th with Ray and Vera Spencer.

Anna Mahlon, from Altoona, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Taylor Mahlon and wife.

Roy Beers, who is employed by the H. W. R. Co., in East Chicago, Ind., is spending a couple of weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Beers.

A reunion at S. L. Kester's residence on Sunday was attended by every one of their descendants, including their children, grand children and one great grand-child.

Mrs. H. A. Boylan, of Altoona, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee McCracken.

Miss Ruth Lewis left Sunday morning for a visit in Pittsburg.

Mrs. Dean, from Ohio, is visiting her brother, U. E. Derrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bloom, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mr. Bloom's parents in this place.

Mr. J. C. Hepburn is visiting with relatives at Osceola Mills.

Miss Vera Keagle, of Rathmel, was in town Sunday.

Bruce Norris, of Curwensville, spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. G. S. Keagle and family, of McIntyre, are visiting in town.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

30,000 railroad employees, through their representatives, went on record in Chicago, Tuesday as favoring a strike if they do not get their working hours reduced from ten to eight hours without a reduction in demand. The roads affected are locomotive engineers, firemen, others, wipers, clerks and others. At a conference in the office of Lawrence Kerren, vice president of the International Railroad Helpers association, Chicago, it was decided to give the roads until July 14 to grant the demand. The roads affected are 67 trunk lines and subsidiaries west of New York.

Last year the Pennsylvania railroad in its dining cars and restaurants served food to 3,775,000 people. At the present time 10,000 patronize the dining cars and restaurants in one day. For the protection of these people the management takes every precaution against the possibility of anyone with any communicable disease having anything to do with the preparation or serving of food, or having anything to do with the

linen, china and silver used in the serving of meals.

A physical valuation order issued by the commerce commission requires railroads to take an inventory of all materials and supplies some time in April, May or June of each year, and adjust the inventory to June 30. For 1914 the inventory may be taken any time prior to September 1, but should be adjusted as of June 30.

The commission also issued regulations to govern the recording and reporting of all extensions and improvements or other changes in physical property of the common carriers.

There is a slight indication of a return of prosperity to the Clearfield region although conditions are yet far from being ideal and the mines, with the exception of Rosister are working but two and three days each week.

Twenty brakemen, who were laid off sometime ago on the B. & P. railway, are again working and it

is expected that more will be put on. The railroads are preparing to move Oklahoma's 35,000,000 bushels of wheat crop. The Rock Island alone will transport between nine and ten thousand cars of grain from the St. Reno division of that road.

Senator Works, of California, has introduced in congress a bill forbidding the payment of tips to porters and waiters in interstate railroad trains and steamboats. Mr. Works proposes to compel employers to pay wages high enough to make tips unnecessary.

Parlor car service has been restored on the Bedford-Cumberland division of the Pennsylvania for the present season and travelers are making excellent use of the modern equipment which the company has furnished on that division.

The British board of trade announces that at the end of 1913 there were 643,135 wage earners employed by the railways of the united kingdom.

PERSONAL MENTION

Thursday, July 9, 1914

Carl Whitman left today to accept a position in DuBois.

J. Fred Weaver is on a business trip to Charleston, W. Va.

W. H. Williamson, of Duquesne, spent Wednesday in Clearfield.

Dr. S. J. Miller, of Madera, was a business caller in town yesterday.

Miss Beredith Smith left this morning for Milesburg to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish, of Punxsutawney, were in Clearfield this morning.

Miss Edith Patton, of Curwensville, spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Miss Ruth Clark, of Nichols street, left today to visit friends in Philipsburg.

Joseph Walker left yesterday for Winburne to visit his uncle, Giles Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Goss, of Bellwood, have been visiting friends in Clearfield.

E. W. Hess, civil engineer, spent the day attending to business affairs at Winburne.

Miss Margaret Carstetter, of Curwensville, spent the morning shopping in Clearfield.

Fred Sitell and Miss Virginia Herzog, of Curwensville, attended chautauqua last evening.

Misses Goldie and Aurilla Margaret Patchin, of Glen Hope, are visiting relatives in Clearfield.

Miss Ruth Row, of Cherry street, is home from Philadelphia, where she spent the past month.

Miss Mary Kelley, of Tyrone, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Brown, on Pine street.

Miss Sue O'Brien, who has been visiting friends in town, left this morning for her home in Osceola.

Dr. J. M. Currier, of Grampian, spent yesterday in Clearfield attending chautauqua in the afternoon.

Joseph Aerandie and wife, of Philipsburg, visited the home of their son Richard on the West Side, Monday.

Kennard & Snyder, returned yesterday from Chicago, where he took a three months course in engraving.

Mr. and Mrs. Furman Carter, of Philadelphia, are guests at the home of L. C. Bloom, on Locust street, this week.

Misses Lois Fagley and Betty Allen, of Grampian, were guests at the home of Judge Bell, on Front street, last evening.

Mrs. Charles Freund and daughter, Natalie, of Erie, Pa., are visiting at the home of E. W. Hess, on Locust street.

Mrs. A. L. and C. L. McDivitt, and daughter, Violet, of Linden street, left this morning to spend a week at Sunnyside farm.

Miss Nancy Lyrist, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Helen Thompson, returned to her home in Woodland this morning.

Peter Buchhart and family, from Altoona came in their car to the West Side to visit their daughter, Mrs. Richard Aerandie, over Sunday.

Mrs. B. F. Mann, and little granddaughter, Miss Jeanette Mann, left this morning for Everett, where they will spend a week visiting friends.

Mrs. G. W. Barrett, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. McMurray,

at her home on Locust street, returned to Camden, N. J., yesterday.

Mrs. H. P. Hippler and granddaughters, Misses Annia Marie and Delia Mentzer, are spending a month in Pittsburg and Cleveland with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hewitt, of Punxsutawney, who have been visiting for the past week with Mrs. Hewitt's mother, Mrs. Clara DeBeque, on Ogden avenue, has returned home.

Mrs. C. A. Rhodes, of Birmingham, Alabama, who has been visiting friends in Clearfield for the past week, left yesterday for Somerset, Pa., where she will join her husband and visit his relatives before returning to Clearfield for a few days, preparatory to returning to their southern home.

Miss Kathryn Schickling has returned home from school in Mahaffey.

Miss Amy Way, from Kermoor, was at Pine Grove on Sunday.

Miss Ruth Mapes spent Saturday night in Clearfield.

Frank Read made a business trip to DuBois on Wednesday.

Harry Burnetts family have all been sick with the tonsillitis.

Amos Read made a business trip to Grampian on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Edna McCracken visited with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Nelson, at Mt. Zion, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Read called at Amos Read's on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Luella Bloom's family have been suffering with the tonsillitis.

Miss Cora Summers, from Kermoor, is spending some time with her cousin, Edna Read.

Boy number two arrived at the home of Alfred Aughenbaugh last week.

Mrs. Luella Bloom visited her mother, Mrs. A. A. Kelley, in Curwensville, on Sunday.

M. J. Philhart's mother and sister, from Troutville, visited with him at Hummels for several days.

Miss Francis Mullen was the guest of her brother, Lee Mullen, near Woodland.

Mrs. Frank Read spent Wednesday and Thursday with her cousin, Mrs. Helen Aughenbaugh, in Curwensville.

Ada and Clara Lippert, from Krebs called on Hazel and Wava Bloom on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Aughenbaugh and little niece, from McGees Mills, visited relatives at this place over Sunday.

Edna and Cecil Read attended a banquet in Glen Richey last Monday evening, given by the normal school of that place which had closed the Saturday before. A most enjoyable time was had.

Amos Read received the following card from Wm. Lowe, in Pittsburg: "Good news; baby girl arrived June 29, at 4 A. M., name Helen Pearl Lowe; weight six pounds." Wm. is feeling very proud.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Williams and daughter Priscilla, from Monument, spent Friday night with her sister, Mrs. Amos Read, and attended the 4th of July celebration in Clearfield on Saturday. They visited Mrs. William's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Straw, near Kermoor, over Sunday.

A number of young people from our vicinity went on a straw load to Glen Bonarr on Saturday, July 4.

A gala time is reported. Some who went were, Edna, Elma, Wm. and

Blair McCracken, Olive and Clevis Moore, Misses Schrot, Wm. Orr and Mr. Johnson.

Mrs. Jennie Tate and little son, from Glendon, Minnesota, left for her home on Monday and Mrs. M. Bradshaw from Sugar Grove, Pa., returned to her home on Tuesday after a very pleasant visit with their sister, Mrs. Louisa McCracken.

The following people took dinner at Hummels, in Clearfield, on the Fourth: Curtis Read and wife, Amos Read and wife, Mrs. Haristah, Miss Fillhart, Edna, Elizabeth, Eldon and Cecil Read, Carlton Rowles, Charles Mapes, Claud Popelee and Ralph Haleton. A delicious dinner was served. The table was beautifully decorated in red, white and blue.

Quite a number of people from Stoneville took the Fourth in at Clearfield.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Good and family and Miss Rebecca James, of Smoke Run, were visiting at the home of Mrs. Good's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Shugarts, the past week.

Base ball at Stoneville Saturday, July 11. Stoneville vs. Bigler, game called at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. G. B. Shugarts, while picking berries last Wednesday killed a large yellow rattlesnake near Elbert's grist mill, on Morgan run.

Cloyd Laneberry, of this place transacted business in Kylertown on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stone were at Clearfield on Friday.

Everybody enjoyed the Fourth immensely.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Ogden and children, of Cherry Tree, are visiting at the Ogden home.

Charlie Pool, while playing ball at the park Saturday, sprained his ankle and finds it very inconvenient traveling on crutches.

Misses Erma and Ruth Switzer spent Sunday in Sandy Ridge.

Miss Anna Ogden, of Curwensville, spent Saturday here.

Mrs. Walter Fargo is home from Pittsburg, where she spent several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Blair Welch.

John Barkey, of Grampian, was a Paradise caller Monday evening.

Emery Rowles is on the sick list. Paradise is noted for its pretty girls but thank goodness we have no old maids.

Wanted—By a middle aged man widower, a good looking house keeper who is willing to hoe potatoes and can rubarb. One who will make a good appearance, light hair and blue eyes preferred. Any one wishing the chance of a life-time can call at my residence, 1448 corner Main street and Collins avenue and receive full information.

Quite a number of Paradise folks attended the circus at DuBois Tuesday.

It is rumored that a wedding will take place in "our little town" this week. Further information later.

Mrs. Clair Fister is getting along very nicely.

Wm. McQuillen, who visited his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Carns, for the past ten days, has returned to Uniontown. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Erma, as far as Boltvar.

Anyone wishing buckwheat plants call Bell phone 419 xx.

World's Greatest Short Stories

Continued on Third Page.

Three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine cone hanging basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old south, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying unconsciously to rid them of the dust of the past from the half calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harp-ichord's, and found I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the nine muses and the three graces one hesitated to lower the topic to 2 cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission and 3 o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stores and hollow ware with the west and south, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. "Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from his trowel as he built up the overlying hills. What did the noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the North American Review."

"Of course," said I placidly, "human nature is the same everywhere, but there is more color—more drama and movement and romance in some cities than in others."

"On the surface," said Azalea Adair, "I have traveled many times around the world in a golden albatross wafted on two wings—print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the sultan of Turkey bowstringing with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theater tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her aware she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart, but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town, just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards."

Some one knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eye, a faint flush on her cheeks and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right hand corner missing, torn in two places and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and 10 cents' worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice, then something like an

oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps tomorrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But tomorrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of inquiry that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeon door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flitted his feather duster and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any."

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'lman what rid out with me dis maw'nin'. Thank you kindly, sub."

"I am going out to 801 again tomorrow afternoon at 3," said I, "and if you will be here I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, sub," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cetewayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro back driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, sub," he said slowly. "She has res'ces, sub; she has res'ces."

"I shall pay you 50 cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffedly correct, sub," he answered humbly. "I jus' had to have dat \$2 dis maw'nin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for 8 cents a word."

The answer that came back was, "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner Major Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me. Therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping thereby to escape another, but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless southern town had made me tired and listless.

King Cetewayo was at his post the next day and rattled my bones over the stones out to 801. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at 8 cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee colored pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him he abandoned his team and struck off up the street at foot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned, with a grave, gray haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than 8 cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding and turned to the old negro.

"Uncle Caesar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back some time this week."

The doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said—"in other words, the result of poverty, pride and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Caesar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell," said I in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were

then in season and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Caesar's grandfather was a king in Kongo. Caesar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Caesar's voice inside, "Did he git bofe of dem \$2 from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Caesar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing \$50, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about 6 o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Caesar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, sub. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city. Hack's puffedly clean, sub. Jus' got back from a funeral!"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Caesar.

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna, so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and envious citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clutched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind looking man said after much thought, "When Cas was about fourteen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no account niggers for his money. He had \$50 this afternoon, which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at 9, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland river I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddied waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

Consoling Thought.

Country Vicar to widow whose best pig has died—Well, you know, Mrs. Higgs, these little troubles are sent us by Providence for our good.

Mrs. Higgs—Oh, yes, sir. But what a comfort it is to know that there's one above us won't let Providence go too far!—Toronto Globe.

Curious Jellyfish.

A retired mariner says he saw many strange inhabitants of the sea when he was going about the world in a square rigger, but a sight which impressed him most was the peculiar form of a jellyfish. It was about eight inches long and shaped precisely like a horse, having a long, flowing mane, fetlocks and the various other appurtenances.

What sailors call "Portuguese men of war" are jellyfish shaped like a boat. Each carries large sail, resembling isinglass, which bellies out with the wind and causes the fish to cut through the water at a surprising speed. The "Portuguese men of war" are numerous in the Indian ocean—Portland Oregonian.

Pessimistic.

Emersonian—Do you believe in the law of compensation? Poor Man—I do. But I also am convinced of the law's delays.—Judge.

Perfectly Frank.

Bix—What would you do if you were worth a million dollars? Dix—The tax assessor, if I could.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Clearfield Progress

With a view to giving the people of Clearfield and vicinity the best that can be obtained in the way of a live wire up-to-the-minute newspaper, printed at home, by home people, The Clearfield Progress has added a number of new features, some of which have appeared, and others that will follow in a few days.

One of the most important of these features is the new daily

Telegraph Service

which comes to the Progress exclusively, and positively contains good live news that will not be found in the larger city papers until the following morning.

And just as important as this new service is the new Intertype composing machine which is about three to four times faster than the machine formerly used, and about five times faster than the hand method.

The Intertype

is capable of ten lines of type, a column wide every minute and the new machine is in operation in the front window of the Progress plant where any one who wishes may see it work.

The Local News

is covered, or reported by a very efficient corps of news gatherers, both in Clearfield and the surrounding towns, and additions are to be made in this department in a very short time.

Mutt and Jeff

the world famous cartoons by "Bud" Fisher will start some time this week and are sure to be enjoyed by all—both old and young.

Daily Illustrations

of timely events will also go to make this your big home newspaper.

Railroad Department

will also be of interest to the men who run the trains, telling them of the happenings of their craft both at home and in other places.

Sporting News

of interest to the Sport Fans is cared for by a competent man, and will be accompanied by bright, newsy pictures, and a real live Sport letter each day by Frank Menke, one of the greatest writers of Sports today.

Clean Spicy Editorials

Society news, Personal Mention, of your coming and going and in fact everything of real news value will be found in

The Clearfield Progress

If you are not a subscriber, now is just the time to get in on the ground floor and get the benefit of all these new features of your newspaper.

Splendors of World's Greatest Exposition Revealed by Present Marvels

Conclave of Nations Unsurpassed in History at San Francisco in 1915

MARVELOUS PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION WILL OPEN UPON A COMPLETED ASSEMBLAGE OF THE TREASURES OF THE WORLD'S ARTS, SCIENCES AND INDUSTRIES

A conclave of nations unsurpassed in the history of the world will assemble at San Francisco when the marvelous Panama-Pacific International exposition opens on February 20, 1915.

Today, the Panama-Pacific International exposition overshadows and eclipses any commemorative and instructive exhibition in history. Progress in all phases of this most brilliant and comprehensive of world's celebrations visualizes the exposition as it will appear when the exhibits of the world are installed within its spacious halls, when hundreds of thousands of rare trees, plants and shrubs brought from far corners of the globe have transformed the grounds into a semitropical paradise and when from the Golden Gate the traveler will behold the vast Exposition city rising to great heights against the walls of the encircling amphitheater of the hills of San Francisco.

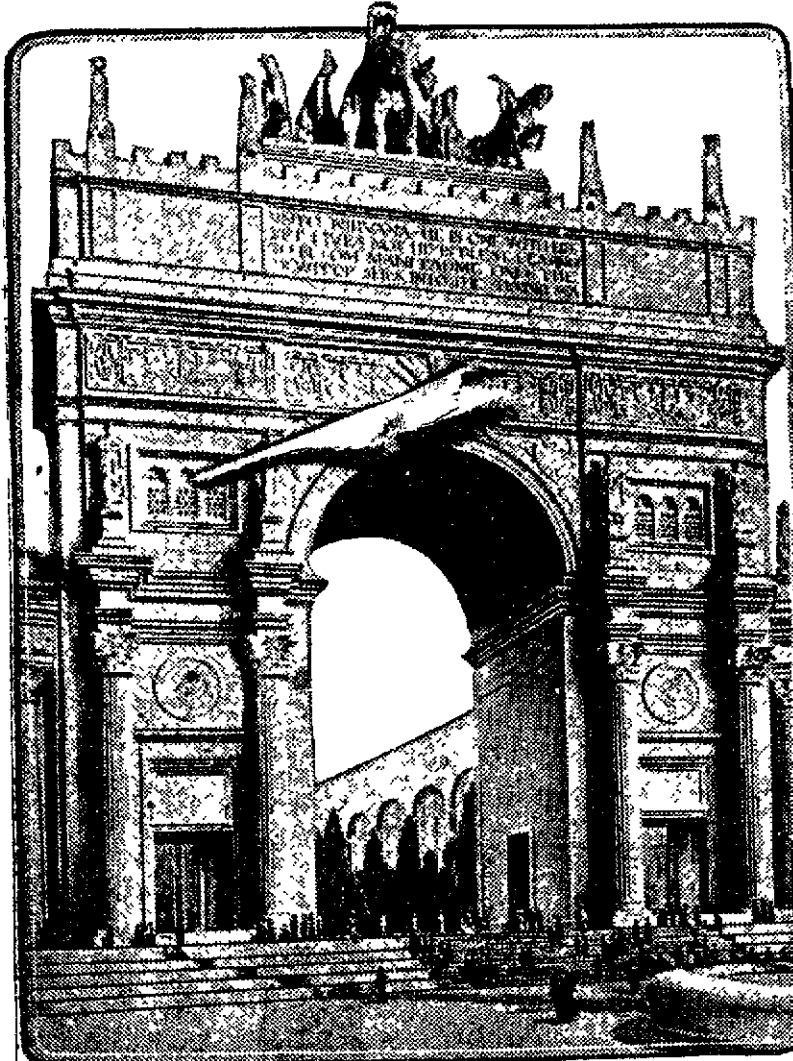
In the assured participation of the foreign nations and of the commercial and industrial interests of the world the Panama-Pacific International exposition stands alone among the great expositions of the past.

As a tribute to America's heroic task in the completion of the Panama canal 23 of the world's great nations have formally accepted the invitation of the president to take part in the celebration and are now engaged in preparing magnificent displays, which will illustrate their progress in every line of social and industrial activity. The Argentine leads with a government appropriation of \$1,300,000 (gold), and in its magnificent pavilion will be presented the wonders of that far-away land. Canada will expend \$800,000; Japan, \$600,000; China, \$800,000; Turkey, \$400,000, and in the Turkish pavilion will be shown the rarest and costliest treasures of the Ottoman empire. New Zealand and Australia will make tremendous displays. Fifteen hundred manufacturers in Germany will make a collective exhibit, to be shown in a great German building; 600 manufacturers from England will present a combined exhibit.

More than 500,000 accredited delegates from all parts of the globe will attend a series of great international conventions and congresses to be held at San Francisco during the exposition. Among the congresses will be the great International Engineering congress, of which Col. George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama canal, is chairman.

Thousands of visitors from all parts of the globe are planning to see the great exposition at San Francisco in 1915, and wonderful preparations are being made to transport and to care for them.

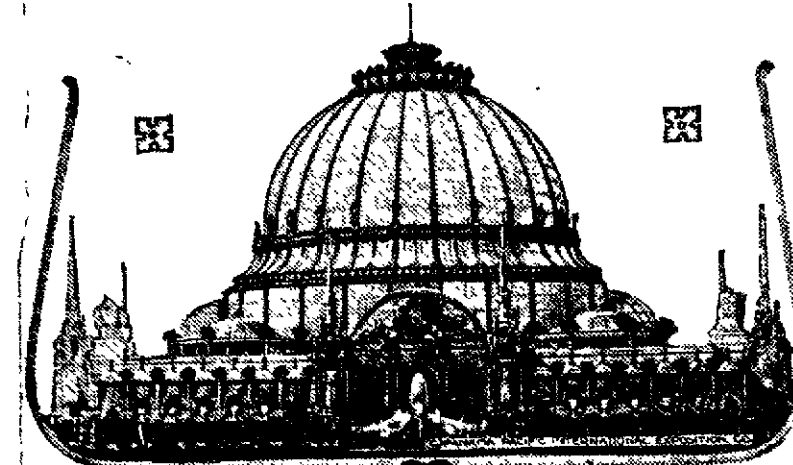
HUGE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPOSITION A WONDERFUL SIGHT.



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

The Arch of the Rising Sun at the Panama-Pacific International exposition, which will be crowned by a wonderful group of statuary, "The Nations of the East." The howdah upon the elephant will be 188 feet above the floors of the court; the group itself will be 42 feet in height. This huge arch, breathing the spirit of the Orient, will be upon the east side of the great Central court, the Court of the Sun and Stars. Upon the west side of the court will be an arch typifying Occidental civilization.

WONDERFUL PALACE OF HORTICULTURE



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The superb Palace of Horticulture at the Panama-Pacific International exposition in San Francisco in 1915 will be surmounted by a vast dome of glass, supported by immense steel trusses. The dome will be 186 feet in height and 152 feet in diameter. At night batteries of colored searchlights will play on the inside of the dome from within the building, so that it will present the appearance of a gigantic soap bubble continuously changing to every color of the rainbow.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

One day at a time! That's all it can be.
No faster than that is the hardest fate,
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and end them too late.
One day at a time!
'Tis a wholesome rhyme
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

WHAT SHALL I SERVE?

All salad makers have their own proportions of oil and vinegar. Too much is not wholesome; two tablespoonfuls of vinegar of the usual strength to five of oil is a good rule to follow, using salt, cayenne and other seasonings to taste.

Thousand Isle Dressing—From the number of salad dressings bearing this name one must be named for each island. The dressing is a simple French dressing as above with the addition of chopped onion, celery, peppers with some catsup; in fact, anything may be added and named a Thousand Isle dressing.

Heliofolle Salad—Cut celery in small bits and marinate in French dressing. Pare an apple and cut in sixteenths, then in thin slices and also marinate. Parboil a green pepper, cut in strips and let it stand in oil dressing. Peel small tomatoes and cut in tulip form, marinate them. Then serve each vegetable on separate lettuce leaves arranged on a plate and garnish with the green pepper. Or the pepper may be served on a separate leaf also.

Asparagus tips cooked until tender, marinated in oil dressing and served in a red or green pepper ring on lettuce, make a most attractive salad.

The flavor gives point to a salad, it must be subtle and elusive, yet highly satisfactory. If the delightful element cannot be identified, so much the better. A slice of tart apple, a suspicion of mint, a clove of garlic, in fact, the true salad maker is hampered by no preconceived notions.

Bean and Nut Cutlets—Take two cupfuls of lima beans, one-half cupful of black walnuts, as they are richer in fat than the English, two tablespoonfuls of crumbs, one of butter. Rub the beans through a sieve, add the nuts chopped, salt and butter melted mixed all together, rolled in meat drippings then in crumbs. Bake in a well-greased pan.

Nellie Maxwell.

\$20,000,000 IN MAYO ESTATE

Board of Trustees to Handle Estate of Kentucky National Committeeman.

Paintsville, Ky.—The body of John C. Calhoun Mayo, Democratic national committeeman from Kentucky, arrived at the Mayo home here Governor McCreary and state officials attended the funeral. It was officially announced that Mayo's fortune, estimated at more than \$20,000,000, is to be placed in the hands of a trustee or board of trustees.

Lenient to Deserting Hero.

Paris.—"The only punishment I should like to see imposed is that he serve France as he served Greece," was the announcement of Government Commissary Alix at the court martial of John Corinthus, a Greek who deserted from the foreign legion to fight for the land of his birth in the Balkan war. At the conclusion of the war he returned to the foreign legion, having served heroically. The court agreed with the prosecutor and unanimously acquitted him.

MORGAN BOOKS TO BE SOLD

\$200,000 Collection Owned by Late Financier Will Go at Auction.

Paris.—The Foulc collection of rare books on ornaments and architecture, purchased by the late J. Pierpont Morgan in 1910 for \$200,000 with a view of supplementing the Hoenchel collection of art objects in the Metropolitan Museum of Arts in New York, will be sold at auction by Andre Des Voves.

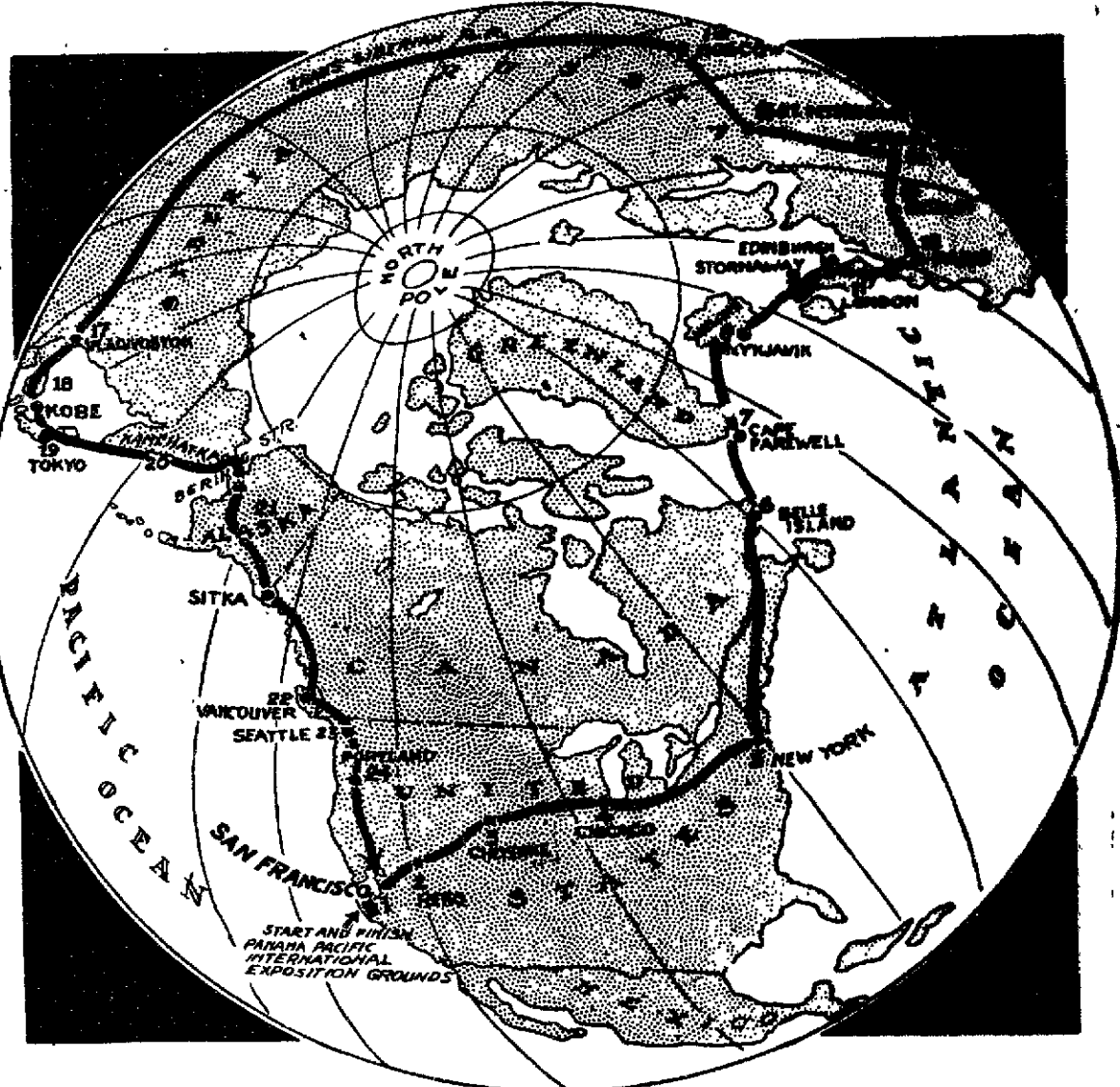
9,000 Eggs Dumped Upon Man.

Chicago, Ill.—Morris Elboom became a human omelet when his horses, attached to a wagon loaded with 9,000 hen eggs ran away and dumped the yolk load upon him.

Coffinmakers Postpone Strike.

New York.—Because the death rate is low and the demand for coffins small, 600 union coffinmakers postponed their strike for higher wages until the death rate increases.

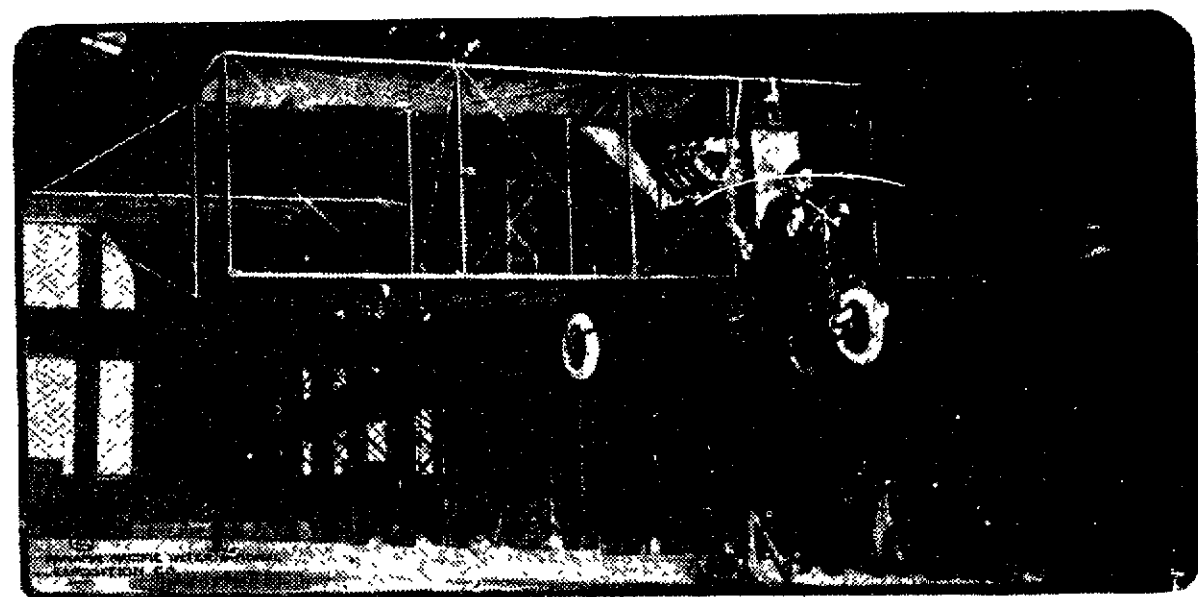
THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL AVIATION RACE AROUND THE WORLD.



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

In May, 1915, the Panama-Pacific International exposition at San Francisco will be the gathering place of the most expert aeronauts from all the civilized nations of the globe, when the start is made of the great aerial race-around-the-world for a prize of \$300,000, the largest sum ever offered for any single sporting event in history. Every description of motor-driven air craft will participate in this stupendous loop-the-loop around the globe. The race will represent the climax of all the world's aeronautical activities and will stand for all time as an immortal epic of human daring, human ingenuity, and the marvelous epitome of the progress of mankind. It will be the supreme adventure of our day. As an achievement, it will mark a historic cycle that will compare with the crossing of the Atlantic by Columbus and the circumnavigation of the world by the fleet of Magellan in 1522. Aviators have long discussed the project of round-the-world aeroplane tours.

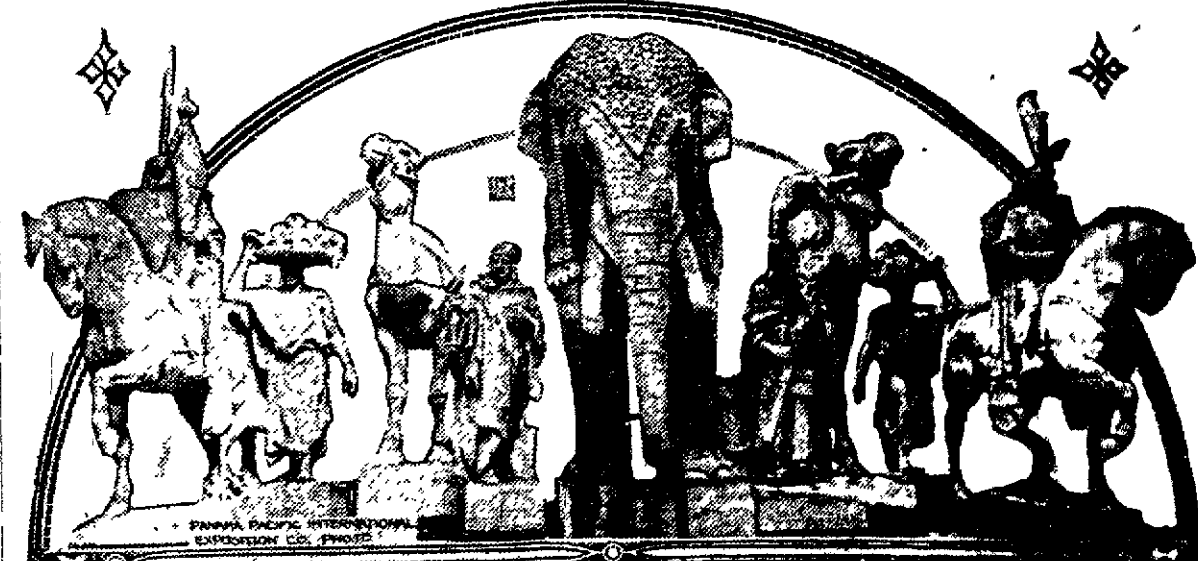
WORLD'S FIRST INDOOR AEROPLANE FLIGHT.



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

The first time an aeroplane ever flew inside a building was when Lincoln Beachey, the famous aviator, flew in the huge Palace of Machinery on the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International exposition to open in San Francisco on February 20, 1915. The Palace of Machinery is almost 1,000 feet long and 136 feet high. Beachey passed from one end to the other of the building, flying for more than 300 feet and at height of 60 feet. The most remarkable feature of the flight was that he had to steer a straight course down the center aisle, which is 75 feet in width.

COLOSSAL GROUP OF STATUARY FOR VAST EXPOSITION COURT—"NATIONS OF THE EAST."



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

This photograph shows the enlarged figures for the colossal group, "Nations of the East," to crown the Arch of the Rising Sun at the Panama-Pacific International exposition at San Francisco in 1915. With the exception of the elephant and the camel on the left all the figures are completed. The elephant, however, will be surmounted by a howdah and the camel by a rider. The group in its entirety is the conception of A. Stirling Calder, with whom Frederick G. R. Roth and Leo Lentelli co-operated. The huge elephant in the center of the group was modeled by Mr. Roth, who also modeled the camels. The mounted horsemen were modeled by Leo Lentelli. From left to right the figures are: Arab warrior, negro servant bearing baskets of fruit, camel and rider, falconer, elephant, representing India; Buddhist lama, bearing emblem of authority; camel and rider, negro servant, Mongolian warrior.



CLASSIFIED WANTS

Rate—One cent per word each insertion. Minimum charge Ten Cents.
Positions Wanted Free. No charge will be made to persons desiring positions.
Phone Your Want-Ads.

Found—Bunch of three keys. Call at Progress office, pay for this notice and get them.

Found—Bunch of keys at driving park. Loser can have same by proving property and paying for this ad.

Roomers Wanted—with or without meals. Address W. M. care of Progress. Jul. 7 3t.

FOR SALE—New mown timothy hay. \$12 per ton. Call 179 H. & C. Phone. Jul. 6 2w.

Do not fail to have the daily or weekly Progress sent to your address during your vacation, this year. It is no trouble to change your address and you cannot afford to be without your home paper.

ENGINEER—Wishes to locate in Clearfield. Experienced in Ice making and good hand at machinery of all kinds—Address at once—E. E., care Progress.

A GOOD BUYER

She Buys With an Eye to the Ever Changing Fashions.

Don't affect Watteau hats unless you are young, slender and at least moderately pretty. The Watteau hat, with its turned up back, its flowers and its chin ribbon, is meant only for the young and pretty woman.

Just because stripes and plaids are fashionable don't use them if they are not becoming. Some faces and many figures suffer when they are surrounded with plaids and stripes. Many plain, soft fabrics or fabrics possessing any of the attributes you are seeking can still be had by the hundred yards together in all the shops.

Styles are changing rapidly. We would do well if we wish to keep in the fashion only to buy such clothes as we really need and to wear those until they are worn out. Then we can with clear consciences buy something new and up to date when styles have settled down into some definite trend or when some still newer, changing styles have shown themselves.

A black hat is more satisfactory for the woman with few hats than one made of plaid or striped taffeta. A black hat can be becomingly worn with frocks of every color. And, more than that, a black hat is not remembered by every one who sees it as a bright hat is likely to be remembered. A third point in its favor has the black hat. It is more generally becoming than a colored one.

Don't wear a color just because you have noticed that it is often used in descriptions of the clothes shown in the French openings. Tango, for instance, is a somewhat trying color to many complexions. So are some of the odd blue and green shades. Remember that black and white and dark blue are always capable of being made to look fashionable and that they are becoming to most persons.

THE CLOTHES CLOSET.

Method of Keeping Garments Nice and Economizing Space.

The usual method of preparing a closet for the proper keeping of wearing apparel is to place a row of hooks along the back and ends, with possibly a long rod extending from one end to the other, from which hangers may be suspended.

As we all know, this means that garments that hang in the rear are not very easy to get at. Only those on the rod are in evidence. For the others we grope blindly, grasping a skirt to discover whether it is the blue serge, the gray voile or the white mohair we want. And as for the things suspended on the hooks behind, they might as well be in trunks and boxes as far as distinguishing one from the other goes.

Now some clever woman has found that by fixing a swinging rack—very much on the order of the towel rack

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

Lost—Watch chain, solid gold. Liberal reward for return of same to Progress office. July 9, 3t.

For Sale—I have three new Oliver Typewriters Model No. 5, never been boxed since received from The Oliver Typewriter company, which I will sell for \$50.00 each. K. G., care of the Progress. 1t.

If you have a house to rent or sell, use the Progress Want-Ads.

J. A. RHONE—Carpenter and Contractor. Prompt work. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Care H. E. Fisher, West Side, Phone. Jul. 9 3t.

A dozen arms extending friendly ends out for holding garments—the capacity as well as the convenience is troubled. These arms are made of light wood, so they can be doubled, with light clamps on the outer ends that slip in a groove, holding fast anything placed between. In this way half a dozen pairs of trousers or the same number of skirts, hung by folded belts, may be nicely and neatly kept in order on one rack, and if there are two one at either end of the closet or one with longer arms directly in the center at the back, it will be such a comfort to find double the amount of room with garments all visible without extra light, of any sort.

SHOE POLISHER.

Homemade Article That Will Keep the Boots Spic and Span.

It is not always convenient to carry a box of polish in one's traveling bag, but a "strip polisher," which can neither upset nor smudge the contents of one's bag, answers the purpose quite as well for a short journey. In fact, it's not a bad thing to have tucked in the corner of one's bedroom shoe box at home.

To make the polisher take a strip of velvet or plush about four inches wide and eighteen inches long and attach to the ends two little sticks, round or square, about a half inch thick. The sticks should be given a coat of glue and then rolled into each end of the cloth sufficiently to cover the wood with the material.

This is to keep the sticks from slipping out of the open ends.

Then sew the sticks in tightly to keep them from being pulled out when the polisher is being used. Have the shoes polished before leaving home and for several days one can bring them to a bright polish by simply rubbing the polisher back and forth over them. For polishing the backs and heels, place the strip back of the shoe and rub it briskly back and forth by pulling first one handle and then the other toward you—just as the shoe-black does. The right side of the velvet or plush should always, of course, be next the shoe.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES.

Take one cupful of cream whipped stiff; one small cucumber, cut very fine, three teaspoonfuls of powdered gelatin, salt to taste, also paprika to taste, five tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Soak the gelatin in a little cold water as possible and dilute in as little hot water as possible. Mix together and set on ice to cool. Then spread on thin slices of bread.

AGE OF INQUIRY HAS DAWNED

(Continued from 1st Page.)

simple-minded credulity into an age of inquiry from whence shall come remedy and relief.

Tired of Being Buncoed.

After the Civil war we plunged into a period of commercial and industrial development and with it developed the most marvelous case of political conservatism and simple-minded credulity. Barnum said we liked to be humbugged, and we did. We believed everything and enjoyed being fooled. But now we have reached a climax; from credulity we have turned to inquiry. We are beginning to see things as they are. Such things as the New Haven railway case are opening our eyes. We are realizing as we never have before the vast amount of bribery buncoing and underhandedness that go on in the world.

What can the question mean? What must it mean to the people of the United States to learn of the robberies imposed upon its women and children? Thirty years we have been plunged in a sea of darkness. What is it that we need in America? Independence, courage and character in the individual. If we gain this we will not hesitate to move and do the work there is to do.

Special Privilege Rules.

Everywhere in the last forty years the very air has been saturated with bold, insidious, tyrannous special privileges everywhere. Yes, even here in Clearfield. Now there is work for the individual to do that in the past bad habits must be cured; partisan has been undreamed of. National bad habits must be cured; the political boss must be met at the front door and kicked out. The individual must move up closer to the processes of the government. We must have popular government, national popular primaries, initiative and referendum, the power to drag home the man in office when he has not proven himself to be the proper official—the recall.

Nationally women shall have the right to vote. We need to get down to the process of things. Moral battles can not be compromised. We need the women's vote because women does not compromise when a moral issue is at stake. The man who fears petticoat government is the one who needs it.

Reform Will Come.

After gaining all these reforms there is still work to do. The task of the individual is to gain independence, character and courage. That task rests with each individual of the nation without gaining it we can gain nothing. When we all feel the demand for remedy and relief the reform will come and will arise from the black age into which we have plunged and emerge into a bright era of truth and fairness.

Mr. Murdock interspersed among his serious remarks several humorous stories and told these stories in that pleasing way which has made him one of the most popular orators of the day. During Mr. Murdock's stay in Clearfield he was greeted by a number of the Progressive party and he spoke very encouragingly of that party's prospects in the coming elections.

THE BIG STORE WILL
CLOSE AT 5 O'CLOCK DURING THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST, EXCEPTING SATURDAY AND MONDAY EVENINGS. HELP THE GOOD WORK ALONG BY DOING YOUR SHOPPING EARLY.
LEITZINGER BROS.

The Adventures of Kathlyn

(By Harold Macgrath)

You all know pretty Kathlyn Williams, the most daring and beautiful of all Motion Picture Artists, and all of you would like to read of her most thrilling adventures—now wouldn't you? Well, the CLEARFIELD PROGRESS is going to give you just that kind of a trial.

The Adventures of Kathlyn

Has been secured by the Progress and will start in a few days. It is in serial form and contains 120 columns, and you will positively get a good liberal installment each day.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

FEATURING THE BIG UNIVERSAL PROGRAM
TO-NIGHT, JULY... 9th

One of the Most Exciting 3-Reelers Shown

THE \$1,000,000 PEARL MYSTERY

A FEATURE OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Another Sure-Fire Laugh Produces

Pretzel Captures The Smugglers

A Program You Can't Afford to Miss

COMING SATURDAY A Power's Three Reel Feature
"MYSTERY OF WICKHAM HALL"

Follow the crowd to the New Opera House

Notice to Advertisers!

A new rate for advertising will be in effect on Saturday, August 1st, 1914, and copies of this rate in pamphlet form will be ready for distribution August 20, 1914. This new rate is made necessary by the greatly increased circulation, and cost of publication of the Progress. The present circulation is about five times larger than a year ago. Many new features have been, and will be added, such as "Bud" Fisher's "Mutt and Jeff," a daily news illustration service, a free cut, or illustration service for advertisers, (proofs of which may be obtained at this office), and last but not least, our daily news service; all of which will make the Daily Progress a real up to the minute daily. The Progress goes into nearly every home in Clearfield and has an excellent circulation in most of the homes throughout the surrounding country, so that the new rate will not meet with much, if any disapproval.

The Progressive Publishing Co.
CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA

Light Extraordinary

We now have a stock of all sizes of the new TYPE C BANNER MAZDA LAMP, or NITROGEN MAZDA, as it is called. This is the very latest lighting feature on the market, and is as far ahead of the present type Mazda Lamp as the present Mazda was superior to the old Carbon lamp. It only consumes 1-2 watt per candle power. Ask us for demonstration or call at our store and see the new lamp in service.

Oppo. Witmer Inn

HARDER'S GUN WORKS

Clearfield, Penn'a.

Volume VIII

AGE OF INQUIRY HAS DAWNED

THE RULE OF SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

Unpleasant Contrasts.

We are passing out of an age of
(Continued on Eighth Page.)

of two company guards. Both were arrested.

Three carloads of Philadelphia and Detroit strike breakers arrived with out an outbreak. The company claims several hundred men returned to work today but the statements is contradicted. It is predicted the strike will end within 48 hours.

and within 48 hours.

Subscribe for the Progress

Morrison and Jane J. Aveling Morrison, started shooting when given his choice of either that or hanging, as per the state law.

The execution will take place on September 4.

F. E. Blyler, Clarendon.
 L. B. Bristow, Clarendon.
 L. J. Patton, Carversville.
 W. H. Standford, Patton.
 Hiram C. Smith, Clarendon.
 S. Russell, Carversville.
 Ambrose Foss, Jr., St. Charles.
 R. Patton, Carversville.
 James H. Alpert, Barrenboro.
 I. McCright, DuBois.
 M. Martin, DuBois.
 H. Patterson, DuBois.

his choice of either that or hanging,
as per the state law.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII

CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 9, 1914.

Number 275

AGE OF INQUIRY HAS DAWNED

Hon. Victor Murdock Says People Want to Know

THE RULE OF SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

Kansas Statesman Does Not Talk Politics, But Points Out Great Need of Reform—Government by the People Must Succeed Government by Trusts and Monopolies—Unpleasant Contrasts in Condition of the People.

The people of Clearfield enjoyed a privilege not given to many communities in the state when they heard Hon. Victor Murdock, the gifted orator and champion of progressivism, at the big chautauqua tent last evening. Forceful in his remarks and pleasing in his manner of expression, he held the rapt attention of the large audience from the beginning to the end of his lecture. His subject was "The Trend of the Times," and in the course of the lecture he said:

What is the prevalent spirit of the hour? General endorsement of anything or anybody? No. General impeachment of anything or anybody? No. The prevalent spirit of the hour is one of popular inquiry. Do we have an authoritative answer from any sense from the whole house? from congress? from the courts? No. Do we have an answer of any kind from anywhere? Yes. In the fantastic films that the daily newspapers reel off before our eyes in recounting the daily history of our country.

Unpleasant Contrasts.

Here we have an item of a woman and three children standing on the wharf in Philadelphia, purposing to drown herself and her little ones because they faced starvation. And side by side with it an item saying that Kansas alone would produce 175,000,000 bushels of wheat. Here we have beside bursting bins of plenty—hunger. As we have also beside greatest coal measures in the world the city poor carrying their daily fuel home in a basket. As we have the greatest timber reaches in the world, and beside it a great sad army of homeless people.

We are passing out of an age of (Continued on Eighth Page.)

SEDIMENT IN THE WATER WE DRINK

But Company Officials Say It is Not Injurious to Health

There is on exhibition in the Progress office a cloth which was at one time white, but which is now covered with a dark brownish sediment precipitated thereon after the cloth had been held under the faucet from which borough water is secured. There is also a bottle containing water from the same spigot, and this water also shows a dark sediment.

These exhibits were brought to the office of the Progress by a citizen, who stated that it was not known what the sediment is, whether it is harmful or not. The pipes through which this water runs have been thoroughly examined without anything being found that would cause the discoloration.

Water company officials declare that the sediment is not harmful, but are not willing to say what causes the precipitation which has continued in this citizen's home, at least, for almost a month. Possibly a chemical analysis of the water which is discolored from some cause might solve the problem.

STRIKERS FIRED ON BY WESTINGHOUSE GUARDS

(By International News Service)

Pittsburgh, July 9.—A group of the Westinghouse strikers on Oak Hill, east of Pittsburgh, stoned a squad of the state constabulary today. The troopers rushed the knob, but the strikers escaped. A skirmish followed with the aimless firing of the guns

FATAL AUTO ACCIDENT

One Clymer Citizen and a Farmer Killed in Tioga County.

An automobile in which William Dunsmore, superintendent of the Russell Coal company, at Clymer; Mrs. Dunsmore, the chauffeur, William Mechzen, and James Cooney and son Joseph and James McKenzie, of near Blossburg, Tioga county, were riding near the latter town last Friday, got beyond control of the driver and turned turtle.

Mechzen was killed outright and James Cooney died in the Blossburg hospital that night. Joseph Cooney suffered injury to his spine and James Dunsmore and his wife escaped with slight bruises.

Miss Margaret Mechzen, sister of the dead chauffeur, taught school in Clearfield last year.

BEAUTIFUL DAHLIAS

William B. Rishell Has a Profusion of These Flowers.

William B. Rishell claims to have the finest lot of dahlias in Clearfield. At his home, 210 Merrill street, West Side, Mr. Rishell has between 200 and 300 plants, most of which are in bloom.

Mr. Rishell takes especial pride in a twin dahlia on one of his stalks. He declares it is the prettiest flower he ever saw. This flower will be on exhibition at Dufton's hardware store this week.

In the Hospital.

Harry Healey, of the Monarch billiard parlor is in the Clearfield hospital, where he will be operated on for gall stones.

PRESBYTERIAN DAY AT LAKEMONT PARK

Enjoyable Time Anticipated at The Annual Gathering

On Thursday, July 16, the Presbyterians of this section will hold a picnic at Lakemont park, near Altoona. Presbyterian day is always an enjoyable occasion for members of that denomination, and this year those who will go to Lakemont park on Thursday of next week will be entertained in a manner that will excel any previous effort of the kind.

The addresses this year will be by men prominent in religious work. Rev. F. Dean Miller, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Altoona, an able speaker, heads the list. Another speaker is Rev. James D. Moffatt, D. D., LL. D., president of Washington and Jefferson college, whose ability to entertain an audience is well known.

Rev. W. E. McCullough, D. D., of Pittsburg, will at 7.15 also deliver a lecture which has become famous not only in this state, but in other states. Dr. McCullough will talk of Abraham Lincoln, a subject in itself interesting, and as handled by Dr. McCullough it is regarded as one of the grandest topics for oratorical effort chosen by speakers.

With other music there will be a chorus of soloists under the direction of Prof. J. Edgar Probyn, and the chorus will be assisted by an orchestra.

There will be athletic events from 3:15 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon and other amusements common to such occasions.

Dinner and supper will be served by the South Altoona church. Excursion rates can be had on the Pennsylvania railroad.

A. M. Wrights are having their house on Second street repainted this week.

MRS. CARMAN MAY GO FREE AFTER HER EXAMINATION

(By International News Service)

Freeport, N. Y., July 9.—Mrs. Carman, who was placed in jail yesterday on the charge of murdering Mrs. Louise Bailey, in the office of Dr. Cadman, the prisoner's husband, in a fit of jealousy, may be released on Monday.

Assistant District Attorney Weeks frankly admitted that, when Mrs. Carman is arraigned for examination on

Monday, the state's case may collapse.

"There is a possibility that Mrs. Carman may be discharged after her examination on Monday. I doubt if we should go before the grand jury with the evidence we now have. We feel that we must have the strongest kind of evidence, and we have already presented the strongest evidence we have."

TEXTILE MILL GROWING FAST

Twenty New Looms Added to Equipment Recently

SOON BE MAKING PLUSH HERE

Seventy-five Persons Now Employed and More Will be Put on Payroll as Soon as They Learn the Trade—Mill is Constantly Expanding.

Twenty new looms have been installed by the Clearfield Textile company and will be in use by August 1, making in all forty looms in use at the silk mill. The work of finishing, which consists of shearing and sticking, has been lately introduced, as shearing and ironing soon will be, which makes the silk or velvet plush, the finished product.

Seventy-five people are employed at the mill and more are being taught the trade as they are needed. The time usually necessary for learning to use one of the machines is about two months.

How Silk is Made.

The thread is first wound on spools, then cleaned upon another machine, next comes warping and quilting. The silk is then ready to be woven, which is done upon a large loom. Then it is finished by shearing, sticking, singeing and ironing. For the latter two processes the plush from the Clearfield mill is sent to Norwich, Conn., but in a very short time the work will be done here.

No plush is sold from the Clearfield mill, all of the cloth being shipped away. Part of the machinery in the mill is American made, part French. All of the machines are run by motor power. Both white and black plush are made, the white being dyed at the dyeing factory after it is shipped from the mill here.

Sanitation is Excellent.

There is perfect sanitation through the mill, and plenty of light and room. Ventilation and heat are secured by driving air with huge fans through the building. The humidity of the air is also controlled by the ventilation system, making it possible to raise or lower amount of moisture in the air in the building.

A large tank is situated on the grounds near the mill, to be used in case of fire if for any reason the water pressure of the town should be cut off.

Will Enlarge in Time.

The silk mill was brought here through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce when Harry E. Bodine was its efficient secretary. The mill will be enlarged with the growth of the town, more help being employed as it is available, and more work done.

Upon the ground owned by the company four more buildings the size of the one now in use could easily be built, and will be, if Clearfield grows as it now promises to.

Clearfield has reason for feeling greatly pleased with the textile mill, which is so capably conducted by the officials of the company.

E. FRED VOSBURG

Popular DuBois Citizen Passes Away After Brief Illness.

E. Fred Vosburg, a druggist and one of the most popular men in DuBois, died in that town Wednesday morning of peritonitis, having been ill only since last Friday.

Mr. Vosburg was 54 years old and was born in Driftwood. In 1879 he went to DuBois and opened a drug store, conducting the business until 1894, when he retired and engaged in the insurance business. He is survived by a widow, one son and one daughter.

Subscribe for the Progress.

CHAUTAUQUA NEARING END

Has Been a Busy Week Under The Big Tent

PATRONS VERY WELL PLEASED

Tonight the Avon Players Will Give a Concert and Chauncey J. Hawkins Will Lecture—Fine Program for Friday Afternoon and Evening—Junior Chautauqua.

The crowd that filled the big chautauqua tent last night was given a first class entertainment. The speech of Hon. Victor Murdock was both interesting and instructive. A brief resume of what the Kansas statesman said will be found elsewhere in the Progress.

The Tuskegee Institute singers pleased the audience with their songs and the moving pictures were excellent. This afternoon at 2:30 Edward A. Mead lectured on "The Wine Press," and was followed by the presentation of "Childerella."

The Evening Program.

At 7:30 there will be a concert by the Avon players, who will play "The Toy Symphony." At 7:45 a xylophone and piano performance will be given by Robert Starback and sister and at 8:15 Chauncey J. Hawkins will lecture on "Bright Eyes and Wild Hearts of Our North Woods, or Hunting With a Camera."

Junior Chautauqua.

This morning's Junior chautauqua was an unusually interesting one to the children. A pretty chautauqua pin was given to each child and a Victrola concert was given, beginning at 11 o'clock. This last feature was surely an entertaining one, as the music was of the best and some of the pieces were new ones that have not yet been placed on sale to the public.

Friday's Program.

The program for Friday follows: 2:30—Lecture, Edward A. Mead, "Enoch Arden."

3:15—Concert, The Four Artists Miss Mellicent Melrose, soloist. Miss Melrose, who was soloist with the Adriatic band last year, was everywhere popular. Gabriel Hines, pianist, is professor of music in the Swathmore preparatory school and soloist and orchestra member for many important engagements. The Senerchio Brothers, violinist and flutist, won great approval in the musical centers of Italy. They will be received with enthusiasm.

3:45—Lecture, Mrs. Edith Ellicott Smith, "The Relation of Town and Country."

President of Pennsylvania Rural Progress association, social worker in rural communities. Mrs. Smith is a practical farmer with considerable scientific ability. She supervises her great fruit farm, Mount Equity, at Pennsdale, Pa. For three winters she was a student in the college of agriculture at Cornell university, studying agriculture and rural economics. Much of her work has been for the betterment of conditions for the rural housewife, so that in her lecture she will be thoroughly at home.

ELECTED PRESIDENT

David Starr Jordan Heads National Education Association.

(By International News Service.)

St. Paul, Minn., July 9.—David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Leland Stanford university, was unanimously elected president of the national education association, succeeding President Swain, of Swathmore college.

Help Wanted—You can always secure the right kind of domestic help through the Progress Want-Ads.

TELEPHONE MEN HOLD MEETING

HIS MIND AFFECTED

Ambrose Toot Sent to Institution for Feeble Minded at Polk.

Ambrose Toot, who has figured in a number of escapades in Clearfield and who on Monday pleaded guilty to the charge of breaking into a building and larceny, was taken to the state institution for feeble minded at Polk, Venango county.

Wednesday Judge Bell appointed Dr. A. D. Cowdrick, A. R. Chase and W. I. Leavy a committee to inquire into the state of Toot's mind, and they reported that he is not mentally balanced. Judge Bell directed that Toot be removed to Polk.

TENNIS GAME

Clearfield Trio Play Big Run Team to a Standstill Yesterday.

Three of Clearfield's best tennis players competed in a tournament held on Smith's court yesterday afternoon with four of Big Run's best players. The Clearfield boys were: Gregory Hartwick, William Patterson and Harold Wilson. Hartwick and Wilson playing at first, then Hartwick and Patterson. The boys from Big Run were: Howard Archer, John Groves, J. M. Tyson and son McClure. The tournament was a draw.

WANT WATER PLANT

Punxsutawney to Take Steps in That Direction Soon.

The borough council of Punxsutawney has authorized the borough solicitor to take the necessary steps looking to the acquisition of municipal water works in that town.

It is expected that work on the construction of the plant will begin in the near future.

GENERAL VILLA WAS NOT ASSASSINATED

Report That He Had Been Killed by a Woman is Denied

(By International News Service)

Jaurez, Mex., July 9.—Constitutionalist officers here deny the report sent out last night that General Villa had been assassinated by a woman. The wife of General Huerta is said to have fled with \$1,000,000.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS

A party of young people held a picnic at William Owens last evening. A delicious picnic supper was served and a huge bon fire added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Everyone enjoyed a delightful time.

A jolly crowd from Clearfield held a picnic at Ferncliff, at the home of Frank Bloom, on Wednesday, July 8. A very delightful time was had, by the following:

Mesdames C. E. Clark, Ira Smeal, D. B. Stine, L. D. Brown, W. B. Shoff, C. A. Wilson, L. W. Luce, Annie Kramer, Fannie Kramer, W. N. Shippe, Fred Halford, Fred Conklin, Thos. McNeil, Philip Hinkle, Geo. Fullerton. Misses Sophia Green, Lena McNeil, Alma Smeal, Genevieve Halford, Margaret Halford, Alma Smeal, Emma McNeil, Isabelle Conklin, Ariens Lansberry, Lillian Stine, Evoyne Shippe, Marguerite Brown, Margaret Smeal, Mabel Kramer, Reta Wilson, Helen Stine, Ludi Brown, Gladys Wilson, Ida Shaffer, Gwendolyn McNeil.

Messrs. Frank Brown, Russel Brown, Frederick Smeal, Earl LeRoy Kramer, Franklin Luce, Frederick Luce.

Marriage Licenses.

Howard Ivan McCracken, of Mahaffey and Olive Talcott, of Loraine, Ohio.

DOUBLE MURDERER PREFERS SHOOTING TO HANGING

(By International News Service)

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 9.—Joseph Hillstrom, better known as Joe Hill, a poet, and composer, a prominent I. W. W. leader, now awaiting execution for the murder of John G.

Officials of H. & C. Company Gather Here

ARE ON TOUR OF INSPECTION

After Attending to Business Here the Party Started on Visit to DuBois and Other Towns in This District—Company Building New Line Connecting H. & C. With Summerville, Between Punxsutawney and Indiana.

A number of prominent men from the central part of the state, anxiously interested in the Huntington and Clearfield Telephone properties, held a meeting in this city this morning, after which the party left in automobiles for a tour of inspection of the property. The party, to the number of eighteen or twenty, left at 11 o'clock in automobiles for DuBois, where they will be joined by a number of prominent business men of that town at luncheon at the Commercial hotel, after which the trip will be resumed, the party intending to inspect the exchanges at Brookville, Reynoldsburg, Punxsutawney and Indiana, as well as the trunk lines connecting these towns.

Building New Line.

The Huntington & Clearfield Telephone company which recently acquired by purchase the property of the Summerville Telephone Co., is building a new line connecting the H. & C. and the Summerville properties between Indiana and Punxsutawney. Additional trunking circuits are also proposed between Clearfield and DuBois through Punxsutawney and Brookville into the Pittsburgh district. The following named gentlemen were present at the meeting and were members of the inspection party leaving Clearfield:

Those at the Meeting.

Rembrandt Peale, St. Benedict. W. H. Denlinger, Patton. David L. Taylor, Brookville. Frank Lang, Punxsutawney. H. B. Powell, Clearfield. Dr. J. A. Haven, Brookville. H. F. Bigler, Clearfield. H. B. Hartwick, Clearfield. H. J. Patton, Curwensville. W. H. Standford, Patton. Allison O. Smith, Clearfield. C. S. Russell, Curwensville. Rembrandt Peale, Jr., St. Benedict. A. E. Patton, Curwensville. James H. Allport, Barnesboro. M. I. McCright, DuBois. B. M. Marlin, DuBois. W. H. Patterson, DuBois.

JOY RIDER KILLED AT DEAD MAN'S CURVE

Other Persons Seriously & Not Mortally Injured

(By International News Service)

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 9.—Gerald Down, aged 24 years, son of Alderman J. Down, was killed and four others severely injured when their automobile turned turtle in the outskirts of this city, while joy riding. The injured are Frank Watts, aged 26 years of Howard City, Mich., William McGraw, of Grand Rapids. Both are unconscious, with heads, legs and bodies bruised. Katherine Lee and Elma Rafferty, both aged 19 years, were severely bruised.

The auto went over "Dead Man's Curve" on the Plainfield road. The girls will recover. Down's neck was broken.

The Weather.

(By International News Service.) Generally fair tonight and Friday; slightly cooler in north portion.

Eliza in Jail.

Eliza Pennington has been lodged in jail, charged with vicious conduct.

JACOBSON'S

Furniture, Rugs,
Stoves and
Household Goods

—AT—
**POPULAR
PRICES**
—AT—

JACOBSON'S
212 REED STREET

The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Cheese in Variety

Imported Swiss Cheese,
Edam Cheese,
Pineapple Cheese,
Camembert Cheese,
N. Y. Cream Cheese.

Cafe Cheese,
Pimento Cheese,
Phila. Cream Cheese,
Roquefort Cheese,
Long Horn Cheese.
Oh! yes, Limberger Cheese in
1-lb bricks.

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

Mother's Bread

'NUF CED

CITY BAKERY

NO. 22 THIRD ST.

Clearfield, Penn'a.

TAXI?

—CALL—

Wallace Garage

PRICES RIGHT

H. & C. Phone Third Street

**WANTED: A
Bright Young
Man**

A long established and
reputable house—40
years in business—has
an opening in this city for a resident
representative. His time will be largely
his own; the work is pleasant and
agreeable; his profit averages more than
33% on the business done, and
previous experience is not essential.
This is an ideal opportunity for a young
man of good appearance, wide circle of
acquaintance and a genuine desire to
make good in a profitable field of work.
The earliest reply will receive first
consideration.

FOSTER GILROY
301 Lafayette Street
New York

The Merchant

WHO DOES NOT ADVERTISE
IS

In the Standstill Class

Truth Is Found at the Bot-
tom of the Well—ALSO
IN THIS PAPER.

For the Children

Alice Muriel Astor
Modest and Sweet.



Photo by American Press Association.

At the recent wedding of her brother, Vincent Astor, to Miss Helen Huntington, Miss Ava Alice Muriel Astor was one of the flower girls. Alice, as she is called, is twelve years of age and is said to be a sweet and winsome girl. By the will of her father, the late John Jacob Astor, who was lost in the Titanic disaster, Alice is to have the income of \$5,000,000 until she is twenty-one years old, when she will come into possession of the principal. Quite a lot of money for a small girl to be heir to. At the wedding Alice wore a frock of corn colored chiffon and net, with blue sash and garden hat, the same as the other flower girls. An interesting feature of the wedding was that the dogs of the Huntington estate, a dozen in number, were running about in the house, their collars decorated with white satin ribbons.

About Umbrellas.

That the umbrella can lay claim to a history probably never has occurred to you, yet as a shade from the sun the umbrella is an implement of great antiquity and can be seen in the paintings and sculptures of very ancient Egypt. From Africa it passed, as an object of distinction, to Greece and Rome. During the middle ages umbrellas ceased to be used in Europe, but during the sixteenth century horsemen, of all people, revived the fashion in Italy. And in the next century the umbrella found its way to Britain, but it did not become popular until, during the reign of Anne, a covering of oiled silk was substituted for feathers. Even then only ladies used umbrellas. The eighteenth century had half elapsed ere a man was seen carrying one in London, and that brave fellow bore the name Jonas Hanway.

Game of Shadow Buff.

To play shadow buff a large white sheet is hung securely on one side of the room, and on a table some distance behind a very bright lamp must be placed, other lights being extinguished. One of the party takes a seat on a low stool between the lamp and the sheet, but nearer the latter than the former. One after another the company pass behind him, their shadows falling on the sheet as they pass, and the person sitting down tries to guess who each one is. The players are allowed to disguise themselves to a slight extent, and gestures of any kind may be practiced.

Within the Pale.

When a thing is within the proper bounds or limits we speak of it as "within the pale."

That part of the kingdom of Ireland in which English rule was acknowledged after the conquest of 1172 was called the Pale. It included Dublin and the counties of Meath, Louth, Carlow and Kilkenny and was so called because the conquerors inclosed or impaled themselves within these limits as a safeguard against the enemy. Only such laws as had their beginning within the Pale were recognized as legitimate, and hence the meaning of "within the pale."

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.**Stopping Nosebleed.**

There are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side. These branch off from the main arteries on each side of the wind-pipe and, running up toward the eyes, pass over the outside of the jawbone, about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Now, suppose your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist; then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jawbone.

The result will be that not a drop of blood goes into that side of the face, while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow, and the ruptured vessels in the nose probably by that time will contract, so that when you let the blood into them they will not bleed. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way.

Marks of the Beasts.

On every side in the Malay wilds the traces of the beasts—which here live as scheduled, as safe from molestation, as did their ancestors in pre-Adamite days—are visible on tree trunk, on beaten game path and on the yielding clay at the drinking places by the hurrying stream. Here a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows that an elephant has rubbed his itching back against the rough bark of a tree, and, see, coarse hairs are still sticking in the hardened clay. There a long, sharp scratch repeated at regular intervals marks the passing of a rhinoceros. Here, again, is the pad mark of a tiger barely an hour old, and the pitted tracks of deer of all sizes and varieties surround the deeply punched holes which are the footsteps of an elephant. —Cornhill Magazine.

A Drink of Water.

A glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draft. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it and may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

Keep the Mouth Clean.

A noted medical authority asserts that our unclean mouths, diseased teeth and gums are a constant and insidious menace to health. They are a source of infection in the individual and a dangerous depot for the dissemination of disease to others.

No Interruptions.

"Now, if you'll meet me at my office tonight I'll put you on to a big deal." "Sorry, old man, but I'm following a continued story in the moving pictures. I must be there tonight or I'll miss an important installment." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Harvest Moon.

The harvest moon is the full moon that makes its appearance at the time of the harvest or about the autumnal equinox. It rises at the same time for several days.

**TAKE
YOUR
CHOICE**

By HOLLAND.

MANUFACTURERS are of two kinds—the honest and dishonest. The one makes the best goods, the other makes the worst. Each has his own particular scheme of life.

The honest manufacturer aims to make the best goods he can and to advertise them so that all the world will know of their merits. He courts investigation. He wants customers to hold him to a rigid accountability. The dishonest manufacturer hopes to profit by deception. He produces an article that will be offered as "just as good" though he knows it is inferior. He seeks to make a larger profit than the honest manufacturer, and this larger profit is necessary because he has to find new customers day after day.

MANUFACTURERS WHO ADVERTISE ARE THE HONEST ONES.

**SAGE TEA DANDY
TO DARKEN HAIR**

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Lustre to Hair.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old, famous Sage Tea Recipe are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray, becoming faded, dry, scraggly and thin have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your lock becomes luxuriantly dark and beautiful—all dandruff goes, scalp itching and falling hair stops.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

Diogenes' Tub.

The tub in which Diogenes, the cynic, made his home was a great earthen jar, discarded from the Cybele temple. It had been used for wine or oil for the sacrifices of the temple and was sufficiently large to allow the philosopher a reclining place.

The truth of this tale has been called into question, although it is said that during the Peloponnesian war the Athenians dwelt in just such vessels and that even after the death of Diogenes such receptacles were used as dwelling places by the poor.

The Jolly Miller.

There was a jolly miller once
Went skating on the Dee.
The ice was thin, and he fell in—
No fish so wet as he.

"Oh, dear," he cried, "I did not know
The ice was quite so slim!
A bathing suit instead of skates
Were better for a swim!"
—New York Press.

Careless.

Mrs. Henpeck—You were talking in your sleep last night, Henry. Mr. Henpeck—I beg your pardon, my dear, for having interrupted you.—Stray Stories.

Very Much Gone.

"Edith, is that young man gone?" called the landlady at ten bells. "Yes, completely," came the answer. —Michigan Gargoyle.

**STATEMENT OF THE
Bituminous National Bank
OF WINBURNE, PA.**

No. 7334.

Condensed from its report to the
Comptroller of the Currency.
At the close of business June 30, 1914.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	\$137,007.70
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	376
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	50,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	110,836.93
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	6,000.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	500.31
Due from approved Reserve Agents	11,869.57
Checks and other cash items	1,146.57
Notes of other National banks	\$10.00
Fractional paper currency, Nickles and Cents	120.00
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz: Specie	\$25,674.65
Legal-tender notes	570.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,500.00
Total	\$367,639.49

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	14,000.00
Undivided profits, less expense and Taxes paid	258.48
National Bank notes outstanding	49,170.00
Due to other National banks	1,265.04
Dividends unpaid	1,542.00
Individual deposits subject to check	237,967.31
Time certificates of deposit payable within 30 days	2,446.11
Time certificates of deposit payable after 30 days	9,997.82
Cashier's checks outstanding	992.73
Total	\$367,639.49

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA
COUNTY OF CLEARFIELD, ss.

I, J. Malcolm Laurie, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. MALCOLM LAURIE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 1914.
W. D. DUKEMAN, Notary Public.
Correct Attest:—
ROBT. H. SOMMERVILLE,
RICHARD H. GEORGE,
H. G. JONES.
Directors.

**Good Assortments
of Underwear****For Men**

B. V. D. \$1.00

Men's 2-piece-suits, . . . 50c to \$1.00

Boy's 2-piece-suits 50c

Small Boy's Union Suits 25c



Maline
TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Gauze Vests and Union Suits

are knitted from long fibre cotton, making them cool to the skin, silky in appearance and giving the utmost wear. **Maline** vests are the most comfortable undergarments on the market, because they have the patented

**Large Stocks of
Hosiery**

Men's Hosiery, pair, . . . 10c to 50c

Ladies' Hosiery, pair, . . . 10c to \$1.00

Misses' Hosiery, pair, . . . 10c to 25c

Boy's Hosiery, pair . . . 10c to 25c

Sta Up

Shoulder Straps

Can't fall down or slip over the shoulder. Our stock embraces vests at 10c, 15c, 25c and up—union suits at 25c, 50c and up. Come in and see them.

ROSS & WOODS



Finest in the World
Makes More and Better Bread than other Flour
F. A. WALKER, DISTRIBUTOR
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Harvest Equipment

Usually there are a few things still needed, overlooked perhaps until the busy harvest days are upon you, or possibly a breakdown occurs in some part of your equipment during these busy days. What an annoyance not to be able to replace the needed tool or part QUICKLY. Our stock is calculated to meet just such emergencies. If you will write, telephone or wire us your needs we will supply you just as quickly as modern postal and shipping facilities will reach you. Check up and see whether you have sufficient of the following:

Grain Rakes	Grain Cradles
Binder Twine	Single and double Harpoon
Hay Forks	Hay Forks
Grain Forks	Mower and Binder Knife
Knife Guards	Sections and Rivets.
Sickle Bar Grinders	Scythes and Snaths
Scythe Stones	Grind Stones
Manilla rope, all sizes,	Plain and Knot Passing Pul
leys in Malleable cast or Steel frames, wood or iron	
Sheaves.	
Machine Oil	Oilers
Butt Chains	Trace Chains

Clearfield Hardware Company



Do you need a Rake, Hoe, Spade, Lawn Mower, Wheelbarrow, or anything in the way of Garden Hose? If so, you will find the most complete stock of the best of everything in our Garden Requisite Department. The prices will interest you.

Both Phones



All the people read the Progress

\$4.00 **NIAGARA** **JULY**
FALLS **18th**
FIVE DAY EXCURSION

Trains Leaves Clearfield 11:30 A. M.,
7:00 P. M., via

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry.

World's Greatest Short Stories

No. III.

A MUNICIPAL REPORT

By O. HENRY

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. Montague Glass, Gouverneur Morris and Richard Harding Davis all declare that O. Henry's "A Municipal Report" is one of the world's greatest short stories.



O. HENRY



MONTAGUE GLASS

PART I.

EAST is east and west is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people, they are not merely inhabitants of a state. They are the southerners of the west. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city, but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have in the climate an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coat bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the new world. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say, "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance and the atlas.

Nashville—A city, port of delivery and the capital of the state of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland river and on the N. C. and St. L. and the L. and N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the south.

I stepped off the train at 8 p. m. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, use to me comparison in the form of a recipe:

Take of London fog, thirty parts; malaria, ten parts; gas leaks, twenty parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, twenty-five parts; odor of honeysuckle, fifteen parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a mothball nor as thick as pea soup, but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbrel. It required strong self suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby and a new L. and N. timetable and a lithograph of Lookout mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers en brochette.

At dinner I asked a negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute and then replied, "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doing after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished. It had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds, and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of \$22,470 per annum.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation and heard a burst of semivivacious laughter issuing from a soda water and ice cream parlor. There was indeed little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shot up a national force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I had heard of, admired and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the south in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not

suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick—the tile floor, the beautiful tile floor!

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend A. Tennyson said, as he so well said almost everything:

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip
And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable ad lib. A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy and with a kind of sleepy masiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one shabby virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings. Instead of squirrel rifles, so I sidestepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a noncombatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of hales of cotton destroyed by Sherman and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays "Dixie" I do not cheer.

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist and the first gun at Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of he took up to my distaste his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely, for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you and if you would like to make a complaint we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer and without any known means of support, although he seems to have money most of the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection. "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night."

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was only about 10 o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as curvants in a cake sold at the Ladies' exchange.

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the south and does an enormous wholesale dry goods, grocery and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clew to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their 1 o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at 2 cents a word before some other publisher offered her 10 or 20.

At 9 o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers en brochette (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Caesar. He was a stalwart negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus and a second afterward of the late King Cetewayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expected to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in colors. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat beside it would have faded to a pale monochrome.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving "black mammy" new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long missing frogs. And to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a back line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Step right in, sub; ain't a speck of dust in it—jus' got back from a funeral, sub."

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine street," I said and was about to step into the back. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandly:

"What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', sub, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town, and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jus' got back from a funeral, sub."

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of ten square miles, 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost \$2,000,000, with seventy-seven miles of mains.

Eighty-sixty-one Jessamine street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outnerved in a splendid grove of trees and untrammelled shrubbery. A row of box bushes overtopped and almost hid the pulling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his 50 cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity as I did so. He refused it.

"It's \$2, sub," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel, 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's \$2, sub," he repeated obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them myself for the drizzle). "Well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cetewayo softened. "Is you from the south, sub? I reckon it was them shoes of yours fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a southern gen'tleman to wear."

"Then the charge is 50 cents, I suppose?" said I inexorably.

"Boss," he said, "50 cents is right, but I needs \$2, sub. I'm obliged to have \$2. I ain't demandin' it now, sub, after I knows whar you's from. I'm jus' sayin' that I has to have \$2 tonight, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having

picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance. "You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down into my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police." For the first time I saw him smile. He knew, he knew. HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parious times. Its upper right hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper pasted over the split preserved its negotiability.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

PART II.
AZALEA ADAIR, fifty years old, white haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white pine bookshelves, a cracked marble top table, a rug rug, a hairless horsehair sofa and two or

(Continued on 6th Page.)

MEAT INJURIOUS TO THE KIDNEYS

Take a tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder Bothers.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

G. N. Ellenberger, Clearfield
Ross & Woods, Clearfield
J. S. Beahan, Clearfield
McCloskey Bros., Clearfield
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Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland, Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin, Clearfield
Sam Barone, Clearfield
A. P. Schnars, Hyde
Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile, Curwensville
Harry Teats, Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Clute, Curwensville
C. F. Hays, Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, Curwensville
Rafferty Bros., Gramplan
Gramplan Supply Co., Gramplan
W. E. Derrick, Gramplan
A. McGrath, Gramplan
H. P. Wriglesworth, Gramplan
F. M. Hartzfeld, Gramplan
J. T. Pickles, Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro., Bigler
Ed. Shaw, Shawville
C. P. Rowles, Olanta
D. B. Hile, Lumber City
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Geo. H. Lum

DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.



"Our Poultry Very Fine, Madam"

WE make a SPECIALTY of selling only the very FINEST and TENDEREST poultry in the market. Young broilers and older birds are all fresh killed. NO COLD STORAGE product here. You really get your MONEY WORTH. That's true also of all our meats. Give us a CHANCE to CONVINCE you.

KLINE & STEMPFLY,

Nevling Building 13 Third Street Clearfield, Pa.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after you start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - \$1,500,000.00

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H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.

W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

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Singleton Beil W. I. Betts John Dimeling

W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy

A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray

W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The Courty National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - \$225,000.00

Saved from Earnings, - 865,000.00

Present Invested Capital, - \$1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published every day except Sunday by the Progressive Publishing Company, Opera House Building, Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

Official Organ of the Washington Party of Clearfield County.

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Entered at the Post Office at Clearfield, Pennsylvania, as second class mail matter.

IMPORTANT DATES.

Presbyterian day, Lakemont park, Altoona, July 16.
Methodist day, Lakemont park, Altoona, July 30.
Big picnic at New Millport, July 30.
National Star Spangled Banner centennial, Sept. 6 to 13.
Labor day, September 7.
Columbus day, October 12.
Thanksgiving day, November 26.
Christmas, December 25.

Thursday, July 9, 1914

Washington State Ticket

United States Senator.
Gifford Pinchot, Pike county.
Governor.
William Draper Lewis, Philadelphia
Lieutenant Governor.
Percy F. Smith, Allegheny county.
Secretary of Internal Affairs.
Fred E. Lewis, Lehigh county.
Congress-at-Large.
Lex N. Mitchell, Jefferson county.
Arthur J. Rupley, Cumberland county.
Anderson H. Walters, Cambria county.
Harry Watson, Mercer county.

Washington District Ticket

Congress—21st District.
Guy B. Mayo, McKean county.
Senator—34th District.
Alonso S. Moulthrop, Clearfield county.

Washington County Ticket

Earl G. Boose Brady township.
Edward Lippert, Lawrence township.
Albertus G. Woodward, Curwensville.

WHY?

Why not spend some of the loose money about town in putting down a test well for oil or gas?

Good evening! You'd feel lost if you didn't have the Progress to bring you the news of the world each evening, wouldn't you?

NOTES FOR WOMEN

Whether or not anybody was convinced one way or the other by the arguments advanced by the two speakers who took opposite sides on Wednesday, those who listened to the speeches were more or less edified. The question is one that may be dilated upon sincerely or hypocritically, and debates upon the subject have little if any effect upon the minds of the people.

That the time will come when women may vote no one will deny, nor will any sensible person gainsay the statement that intelligent, patriotic women are as capable to decide political questions as are men possessed of similar qualifications. Whether or not the women who would know how to use the ballot would take advantage of the privilege is a mooted question. The country would be in no better situation if the women of judgment were to refuse to vote than it is now when ignorant, debased men help to elect the country's rulers.

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

Doubting Thomases who predicted that the Clearfield textile plant on the West Side would not be an important industry should apologize for having made a hasty, unfounded prediction. The silk mill is one of the growing industries of Clearfield. Already it has installed forty looms, which, in view of the fact that inexperienced persons have to be taught the trade, is a remarkable achievement. The plant is at present one of the best equipped silk factories in the state, and in time will be inferior in the volume of product to none in the state.

The Clearfield Textile company is comprised of gentlemen who not only understand the silk-making business, but who have regard for the health, safety and comfort of their employees, as a visit to the plant will prove. Not only these things are the concern of the officials, but the moral welfare of

the employees is given much attention. The young girl who enters the mill to work must be of good moral character. It is gratifying to know that as the business increases the company will enlarge its facilities and that before many years it will be necessary to erect another of the five large buildings which the company planned to construct when it chose Clearfield as the location of its plant.

Give women the vote and they'll vote out of existence the slayer of song and other birds from which milliners produce aigrettes and other hat plumage—probably.

While there are not many new houses being erected this summer in Clearfield, carpenters are busy making repairs and are anticipating a building boom next year.

Automobile accidents of a fatal character are becoming so numerous that it would seem to be part of wisdom to run the cars in a safe and sane manner.

John D. Rockefeller was seventy-five years old Wednesday. Still has a number of years in which to reflect that he cannot take any of his wealth with him.

There's some speculation among the women of Clearfield as to whether the lady who spoke against women's suffrage is a wife or a widow.

When Victor Murdock speaks his hearers listen with avidity, for the Kansas statesman always has something interesting to say.

Clearfield county has not one creamery, that at DuBois. There is room in this county for a dozen industries of this kind.

If there is oil or natural gas in this county either one would be more valuable as a commodity than lying in the depth of the earth.

It is a duty you owe to yourself to read the advertisements in the Progress every evening.

One of the Weather Men.

Shortly after the establishment of a station in Wytheville by the weather bureau a youth named Tom erected a signal pole on his mother's coal shed. He would daily hoist flags of his own in imitation of the ones of the government. This was done so persistently that Mary, a neighbor's daughter, soon adjusted her movements for the day to Tom's flags.

On the morning for a picnic she was rejoiced at the sight of a fair weather flag flying from Tom's daispole. Her mother, being discouraged by the number of clouds, remarked, "You cannot depend on his flags, for he may not have followed the weather man's." Mary, thinking them thoroughly reliable, said, "You can depend on them, mother, for Tom does his own guessing!"—National Monthly.

Foiled the Culprit.

Dr. Kennedy, a former head master of Shrewsbury school, has a keen sense of humor. One year, on April 1, an audacious schoolboy put the school clock forward, and the chapel bell was rung an hour too soon. The culprit duly received the alarming order to come to the head master's room a little before noon.

Preparations were made for the usual form of punishment. The cane whizzed in the air, but, bracing his nerves to meet its descent the victim found himself untouched. A second time he heard it swung with sound and fury, yet it signified nothing. The boy was still trembling for the third stroke when he heard the master's voice:

"Go away, you April fool!"—London Answers.

The Coldest Hour.

The proverb which tells us that "the darkest hour is that before dawn" is inaccurate, for light increases in the morning as gradually as it decreases in the evening. The saying should be "the coldest hour," etc., which is perfectly true and is owing to causes connected with the deposit of dew. Hour-frosts, too, usually take place just before daylight and are an additional cause of the peculiar chilliness of this time.—London Mail.

Subscribe for the Progress.

IN THE MOVIES

Manager Boyer of the New Opera house has a treat in store for those who like real live pictures with plenty of action to them, and the attendance should be good tonight. The picture is entitled "The Million Dollar Pearl Mystery." It is just as interesting as a picture could be in three reels, and the acting is very clever. Another number which will dispel all your blues is called "Fretzel Captures the Smugglers," and is bound to be a laugh provoker right from the start.

Two Los Angeles newspaper plants were requisitioned by Otis Turner, director of the Universal Special Features company, for the "Sob Sisters," a two reel drama of newspaper life. "The Suburban," a race track story, will be Mr. Turner's next picture. After that comes "Damon and Pythias."

NOTES OF THE MOVIES

Still running 18 pictures ahead of his release schedule, Al. E. Christie and his Universal Nestor Comedy company, has just completed the fourth picture of the "Sophie of the

Films" series. The quartet of pictures required three weeks of work, Victoria Forde, Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons have the principal roles in the series.

In the protean play, in two reels, which is being finished at the Imp studio, Kink Baggot will establish a record. King will have enacted every role, fourteen in all, from the coy heroine to the scheming villain. Naturally, there will be a wealth of double and even triple photographic effects. The play is from the pen of George Hall and is being produced by Mr. Baggot himself.

The eleventh series of Lucile Love, shown at the opera house last evening met with hearty applause from the audience, as this series invariably does. Two reels of the pictures were shown and time and time again the enthusiastic audience applauded as the pictures showed Lucile in her hazardous attempts to obtain the papers in Ford Loubeque's possession that are so valuable to her.

Three reels of other pictures were also shown. "When Smaltz Loved" being especially well received and convulsing the audience with laughter.

Cookery Points

Variety in Strawberry Time.

To the woman whose duties as housewife include the task of devising desserts for the year the coming of the strawberry season is a relief. The family is then treated to fresh strawberries for lunch, strawberries and cream for dinner, strawberries and cake tomorrow dinner. Of course every one likes strawberries, and fresh fruits are unquestionably healthful, so why not have strawberries for breakfast when they are in season instead of other fruits?

The really wise housewife makes strawberry desserts last through the strawberry season by varying her way of presenting them, and it would be difficult to find a fruit that may be served in a greater variety of delicious ways.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Take four cupfuls of sifted flour, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of lard and enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Take the hulls from two quarts of strawberries and sprinkle them with granulated sugar, enough to make a quantity of sirup, and let them stand for half an hour. Sift the salt, flour and baking powder together, rub in the shortening and then with a fork stir in lightly and quickly the milk, making a dough that is too soft to be rolled. Turn this into two greased tins and bake a light brown in a quick oven, testing with a straw to see when done. Butter the layers and spread the first with strawberries, pouring over a part of the juice. Place on top of this the next layer, the rest of the berries and juice, set in the oven a few moments and serve hot with a pitcher of sweet cream.

Strawberry Omelet.

When you find a nice box of ripe strawberries fine in flavor buy them and also half a dozen of the freshest eggs. Pick over the berries, saving out about half of the finest solid ones. Cut these in half, put into bowl and add two large tablespoonfuls of sugar, mixed with a little grated orange peel and a dash of lemon juice or grapefruit. Set in refrigerator. Make an omelet of the six eggs and when ready to fold over fill with the sliced berries drained from all juice. Turn the omelet out on the dish, dust with powdered sugar and serve at once.

Jellied Rice With Strawberries.

Wash one cupful of rice through several waters, put on to boil with four quarts boiling water and boil fifteen minutes; drain. Have two cupfuls of milk in top of double boiler, add the rice and boil thirty minutes; add one teaspoonful gelatin, which has been dissolved in one tablespoonful boiling water; add three-quarter cupful sugar; stir until dissolved. Pour into mold or bowl, which has been rinsed with cold water, set aside in cold place until ready to serve. Turn the rice out on large plate or bowl, and pour crushed strawberries around or over.

Strawberry Whip.

Pick over, wash, hull and drain berries. There should be one and one-fourth cupfuls. Put in a bowl with one cupful of powdered sugar and the white of one egg. Beat, using a wire whisk, until the mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. About one-half hour will be required for the beating. Pile lightly on a dish and accompany with cold boiled custard, vanilla flavored.

Iced Strawberry Pudding.

Boil two heaping cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water together for

thirty minutes, watching that it does not get too thick. Beat the yolks of six eggs very light and add to the boiling sirup. Stir a moment over the fire, then turn into a large bowl and beat until cold and thick. Then add one pint of strawberry juice and freeze.

Strawberry Cake.

Make a sponge cake according to any good recipe, bake in a border mold and let stand till night. Ten minutes before serving arrange the cake on a platter and fill the center with alternate layers of whole berries and sweetened whipped cream, putting a rim of the cream around the outer edge of the cake and bordering it with berries.

Strawberry Fritters.

Take one cupful mashed and strained strawberries, three beaten eggs, one tablespoonful sugar, one cupful flour, one teaspoonful baking powder. Add more flour if needed to make batter stiff enough. Drop by spoonfuls into very hot fat and fry like doughnuts. Serve with mashed strawberries.

Strawberry Pie.

Line a deep pie plate with pie crust and prick in several places. Bake to a delicate brown. Fill the shell with crushed, sweetened berries and spread with whipped cream. Or place one quart of sweetened berries in a deep baking dish, cover with a sheet of rich pie crust and bake.

Strawberry Jelly.

Make a lemon jelly and fill your mold with nicely picked strawberries. Pour your lemon jelly over them till the mold is full. Set on ice to harden. Serve with sugar and cream.

Street Traffic in Old Time London.

On Jan. 19, 1635, an attempt was made to solve the problem of London traffic by restricting the number of hackney coaches. Charles I. issued a proclamation setting out that "hackney coaches are not only a great disturbance to his majesty, his dearest consort, the queen, the nobility and others of place and degree in their passage through the streets, but the streets themselves are so pestered and the pavements so broken up that the common passage is thereby hindered and made dangerous, and the prices of hay, provender, etc., thereby made exceedingly dear. Wherefore we expressly command and forbid that no hackney coaches or hired carriages be used or suffered in London, Westminster or the suburbs thereof except they be to travel three miles out of the same. And also that no person shall go in a coach through the said streets except the owner of the coach shall constantly keep up four able horses for our service when required."

An Error in Geography.

On one occasion the British lost a point in their war with Russia by reason of an error in their geography. This was when Commodore Elliot had succeeded in blockading the Russian fleet in the gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. The Russians were in a cul de sac, and the British ships waited contentedly for such time as the enemy should venture to put to sea. But they waited in vain, and at last an investigation was made. It was found that the Russian fleet had vanished. While the British commodore waited at the south end of the gulf, the Russian ships slipped away through the shallows at the north end into the sea of Okhotsk. Until this discovery was made the British government had believed Saghalin to be a peninsula. Now, too late, they learned that it was an island, with a very narrow channel at the north end of the gulf running into the sea of Okhotsk.

Digestive Marvels.

An Eskimo has been found—and no very unusual Eskimo at that—who eats, when he can get it, four pounds of boiled meat per day. When an Eskimo can get all he wants to eat he makes a business of it. He doesn't

store it in the refrigerator, but in his stomach.

Yet the Eskimo is a healthy creature, peculiarly free from digestive disorders.

A Copenhagen doctor has a subject—he isn't a patient nor a "case," but an exhibit—who is keeping up wonderfully on potatoes and oleomargarine. He eats, it is said, eight pounds of potatoes a day when working hard. He likewise enjoys capital health.

It is strange in view of these two instances that a prominent medical authority should venture to inquire whether many of the rigid rules of physicians who prescribe systems of diet are well founded.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Willing to Help.

One morning a rather commanding looking woman entered a newspaper office and asked to see the editor. The editor was promptly produced.

"In your paper this morning," said the woman in a cold, hard voice, "you say that Mr. Jones is a bribe-taker, a swindler, a mudslinger and a crook." "It is a matter of politics, madam," said the editor apologetically. "I am very sorry that we are compelled to make statements of that kind on your account, for I take it that you are a relative."

"I am his wife's mother," answered the visitor, "and I want to say that you haven't told more than half the truth. The next time you want to publish his biography I wish you would send a reporter to me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Missing the Pipe.

When Jones got home the other night he found the family in a panic and the house being flooded from a burst water pipe. The first thing he did was to scold his wife for not having sense enough to go down to the cellar and hammer up the supply pipe to prevent the water from escaping. Then he went downstairs and was soon heard hammering vigorously. After some minutes' strenuous work, giving one last mighty blow, he asked, "How is it now?"

"There is no difference in the flow of the water," his wife calmly replied, "but as the light has gone out I very much fear you have hammered up the gas pipe."—Exchange.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

Sixty-seventh Birthday
Of Famous Inventor Finds
Him in Excellent Health.



Photo by American Press Association.

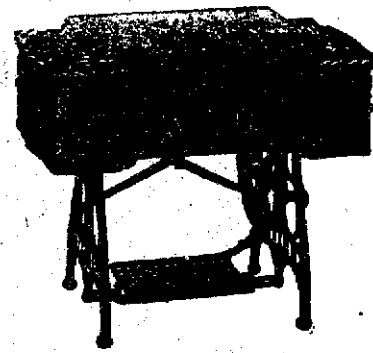
Thomas A. Edison was born on Feb. 11, 1847. A quiet celebration of his sixty-seventh birthday was arranged at his home. However, on Feb. 11 he plans to go to his summer home at Fort Myer, Va., where he will carry on his experiments. He shipped a lot of apparatus from his laboratory, as the "wild" weather rears. Mrs. Edison has said that her husband's work is making her husband get enough sleep. Frequently he works all night.

The Return.

Magistrate—If I remember rightly this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner—No, your honor, but I hope you don't judge by appearance.

There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Sand.

Polish Your Sewing Machine WITH SHEEDER'S Sunlight Patent Polish



Sheeder's Music Store

Second Street

Clearfield, Pa.



Paste These Facts In Your Hat!

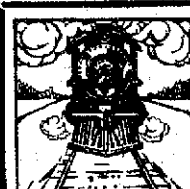
We employ only careful and expert auto mechanics. We attend to all tire and engine trouble promptly. We guarantee our prices for auto-repairing cheaper than anywhere else for quality of service rendered. We are entirely trustworthy. Utmost care given to all cars. We carry a big line of accessories at low prices.

This is the biggest and most reliable garage in this part of the state. Best service at lowest cost. We save you worry.

WALLACE GARAGE,
Repairing Storage Supplies
CLEARFIELD, PENN.
Agents For **COLE** Motor Cars.



IN THE WORLD OF SPORT



RAILROAD NEWS

Items of Interest, Gathered Here and There, For The Boys Who Man The Trains



YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

New York 7; Cleveland 1.

New York, July 9—New York opened its stand against the western teams yesterday by winning the opening game against Cleveland by a score of 7-1. Warhop pitched a steady game for New York, while Mitchell's wild throw resulted in his downfall in the fourth. The Yankees battled Callamore all over the lot in the eighth inning. Cree celebrated his return to the Yankees with three hits and a pass in four times up. A jumping one-handed catch by Grayey on Bonnewas the feature.

Quakers Defeat Pirates.

Pittsburg, July 9—Fred Clarke picked his pitchers wrong yesterday afternoon, and enabled Doozin's Quakers to score an easy victory in the start of the second western trip. Score 10 to 7.

The Pittsburg manager used three twirlers. O'Loole and Conzelman divided the first four innings and were slaughtered by the Phillies for ten hits and the same number of runs. Mamanx, a local youth, then took up the burden, and held the Quakers hitless during the remainder of the game.

Braves in Eleventh Floor Cubes.

Chicago, July 9—A base on balls in the eleventh inning paved the way to a 7 to 4 victory for Boston over Chicago yesterday. With the score tied, Murray, taking Collin's place, walked. Whilling sacrificed. Murray went to third on a wild pitch and scored the winning run on Catcher's single. The visitors clinched the game by slugging in two more runs.

Fishermen's Language.

A correspondent of the English magazine, Country Life, has been studying the vocabulary of Hastings fishermen. He says: "Where there is a dead calm, with the air hot and moist, the weather is said to be 'planety'. If it is oppressively sultry with a heavy sky and oily sea it is 'swallowy', and presages a storm, which often breaks suddenly with a roaring squall. A long loop of cloud with trailing ends is designated an 'eddenbite', blown out streamers of white cloud are 'windogs', large wool pack-like clouds scurrying before a high wind are 'messengers', small, widely scattered clouds floating in an otherwise clear sky, are 'postboys'. Occasionally, when the sun is setting, a mock sun is seen on each side of the solar disk. This phenomenon goes by the name of 'smitherdiddles' and is regarded as a sign of bad weather. A thick, soaking mist, moving rapidly from the land over the sea, is called an 'egger jagger'."

The Plain of Curragh.

The Curragh (a plain in the County Kildare, Ireland) is a stretch of open ground of about 4,800 acres and serves the twin purposes of a large military camp and a race course, and in the latter capacity it has a reputation extending as far back as the first century A. D., at which period, if records may be accepted, chariot races were a diversion which the people of the time permitted themselves. The camp only dates from the Crimean war. The plain of Curragh was often the scene of hostile engagements between early Irish kings, and it is St. Bridget who is credited with having received a grant of the district from the king of Leinster and with having turned it into a common. The young men of Kildare are often jokingly described as "the boys of the short grass" in allusion to the herbage of the district of Curragh.—Westminster Gazette.

When Noah Entered the Ark.

March 17 was celebrated in the middle ages as the day on which Noah entered the ark, and a very busy day it must have been if we are to believe the medieval dramatists, for Noah's wife was always the typical shrew of the period.

In the Chester cycle when Noah tells her of the coming flood she sneers at him for his credulity and abuses him for always bringing bad news. "Bidden hold her tongue," her abuse only becomes more stinging. Noah strikes her, she hits back, and a good set-to ensues till the man retires to make the ark. When it is finished she refuses to enter.

"Wif, com in," says Noah. "Why standes thou there?"

Finally her sons bring her in by force, and Noah welcomes her.

"Welcome, wif, unto this bofe," and for his welcome he gets a whacking, which makes him exclaim:

Lord, that women be crabbed aye!
And non are make, I dare well saye.
—London Chronicle.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Athletics, 3; Detroit, 0.
Chicago, 4; Boston, 2, 1st game.
Chicago, 5; Boston, 4, 2nd game.
St. Louis, 6; Washington, 5.
New York, 7; Cleveland, 1.

Today's Games.
Detroit at Philadelphia, 2 games.
St. Louis at Washington.
Chicago at Boston.
Cleveland at New York.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Phillies, 10; Pittsburg, 7.
St. Louis, 4; New York, 3.
Cincinnati, 6; Brooklyn, 5.
Boston, 7; Chicago, 4, (11 innings.)

Today's Games.
Phillies at Pittsburg.
New York at St. Louis.
Boston at Chicago.
Brooklyn at Cincinnati.

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Brooklyn, 6; Baltimore, 4, 1st game.
Brooklyn, 4; Baltimore, 3, 2nd game.
Buffalo, 5; Pittsburg, 1.
Chicago, 5; Kansas City, 1.
St. Louis, 6; Indianapolis, 3.

Today's Games.
Kansas City at St. Louis.
Indianapolis at Chicago.
Baltimore at Brooklyn.
Pittsburg at Buffalo.

Philadelphia, July 9—So much mystery issued from Eddie Plank's long arm yesterday that he was able to shut out Detroit in the introductory match of a series for the lead in the American League pennant quarrel. Score, 3 to 0.

This 39-year-old pattern of dura-

bility had one of his frequent days in which his cross fire makes the hostiles think they are grasping toothpicks instead of ashen bludgeons.

Here are some of the vital statistics:

Three swats off Plank.
Three passes.
Only two men reached second base.
Only two men reached base in the last five innings.

Only thirty-one Tigers faced him.
It is easy to see from this that the Michigan folks played a silent part in the bout.

White Sox Win Two.

Boston, July 9—Chicago moved up in the American League race and Boston dropped when the White Sox won two games from the home team, 4 to 2 in ten innings, and 5 to 4, yesterday. An accident helped Chicago in the first game, and cost Boston the services of Hooper, crack right fielder who collided with Speaker while both were trying to catch a fly.

The Red Sox forced Benz to retire in the eighth, scoring three runs on as many hits and two passes. With the bases full, Faber came in as relief pitcher for the second time during the day, and forced Gardner to fly for the third out.

S. Louis 6; Washington 5.

Washington, July 9—St. Louis won a 6-to-5 victory over Washington yesterday mainly through Boehling's effectiveness. The Browns scored five runs in the first two innings on six hits and a hit batsman. After scoring a run in the fourth on Milan's triple and Gandil's single, Washington rallied in the eighth, scoring four runs on two singles and Milan's second triple, but Mitchell relieved Baumgardner and stopped the scoring.

growing taller and taller, and as they "grow" they wave their arms and tremble all over from ankle to head. Like the tall, tasseled cane waving in the wind, and still they keep on chanting louder and louder. The last figure represents a series of combats meant to symbolize the exactions of the chiefs, who compel the "kai," willing and unwilling, to come and cut their crops.—London Standard.

Etruscan Vases.

The famous Etruscan vases were wrongly named, for, though made in Etruria, they were the productions of Greek genius. They are elegant in form and enriched with bands of beautiful foliage and other ornaments, figures and similar objects of a highly artistic character. One class has black figures and ornaments on a red ground—the natural color of the clay; another has the figures of the natural color and the ground painted black. The former class belong to a date about 600 B. C., the latter date about a century later and extend over a period of some 300 or 350 years.

Tobacco In France.

Twenty great factories work up the whole of the tobacco manufactured in France, and the right to retail is jealously guarded by the state. Permits to open tobacco shops are usually granted to widows of officers of the army and navy or of other employees of the government.—London Telegraph.

GRAMPIAN.

The Misses Margaret and Isabella Thorburn, of O'Shanter, spent the 4th with Ray and Vera Spencer.

Anna Mahlon, from Altoona, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Taylor Mahlon and wife.

Roy Beers, who is employed by the H. W. R. Co., in East Chicago, Ind., is spending a couple of weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Beers.

A reunion at S. L. Kester's residence on Sunday was attended by every one of their descendants, including their children, grand children and one great grand-child.

Mrs. H. A. Boylan, of Altoona, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee McCracken.

Miss Ruth Lewis left Sunday morning for a visit in Pittsburg.

Mrs. Dean, from Ohio, is visiting her brother, U. E. Derrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Bloom, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mr. Bloom's parents in this place.

Mr. J. C. Hepburn is visiting with relatives at Osceola Mills.

Miss Vera Keagle, of Rathmel, was in town Sunday.

Bruce Norris, of Curwensville, spent a few days in town this week.

Mrs. G. S. Keagle and family, of McIntyre, are visiting in town.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

30,000 railroad employees, through their representatives, went on record in Chicago, Tuesday as favoring a strike if they do not get their working hours reduced from ten to eight hours without a reduction in demand. The roads affected are locomotive engineers, firemen, others, wipers, clerks and others. At a conference in the office of Lawrence Kerren, vice president of the International Railroad Helpers association, Chicago, it was decided to give the roads until July 14 to grant the demand. The roads affected are 67 trunk lines and subsidiaries west of New York.

Last year the Pennsylvania railroad in its dining cars and restaurants served food to 3,775,000 people. At the present time 10,000 patronize the dining cars and restaurants in one day. For the protection of these people the management takes every precaution against the possibility of anyone with any communicable disease having anything to do with the preparation or serving of food, or having anything to do with the

linen, china and silver used in the serving of meals.

A physical valuation order issued by the commerce commission requires railroads to take an inventory of all materials and supplies some time in April, May or June of each year, and adjust the inventory to June 30. For 1914 the inventory may be taken any time prior to September 1, but should be adjusted as of June 30.

The commission also issued regulations to govern the recording and reporting of all extensions and improvements or other changes in physical property of the common carriers.

There is a slight indication of a return of prosperity to the Clearfield region although conditions are yet far from being ideal and the mines, with the exception of Rosister are working but two and three days each week.

Twenty brakemen, who were laid off sometime ago on the B. & P. railway, are again working and it

is expected that more will be put on. The railroads are preparing to move Oklahoma's 35,000,000 bushels of wheat crop. The Rock Island alone will transport between nine and ten thousand cars of grain from the St. Reno division of that road.

Senator Works, of California, has introduced in congress a bill forbidding the payment of tips to porters and waiters in interstate railroad trains and steamboats. Mr. Works proposes to compel employers to pay wages high enough to make tips unnecessary.

Parlor car service has been restored on the Bedford-Cumberland division of the Pennsylvania for the present season and travelers are making excellent use of the modern equipment which the company has furnished on that division.

The British board of trade announces that at the end of 1913 there were 643,135 wage earners employed by the railways of the united kingdom.

PERSONAL MENTION

Thursday, July 9, 1914

Carl Whitman left today to accept a position in DuBois.

J. Fred Weaver is on a business trip to Charleston, W. Va.

W. H. Williamson, of Duquesne, spent Wednesday in Clearfield.

Dr. S. J. Miller, of Madera, was a business caller in town yesterday.

Miss Beredith Smith left this morning for Milesburg to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish, of Punxsutawney, were in Clearfield this morning.

Miss Edith Patton, of Curwensville, spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Miss Ruth Clark, of Nichols street, left today to visit friends in Philipsburg.

Joseph Walker left yesterday for Winburne to visit his uncle, Giles Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Goss, of Bellwood, have been visiting friends in Clearfield.

E. W. Hess, civil engineer, spent the day attending to business affairs at Winburne.

Miss Margaret Carstetter, of Curwensville, spent the morning shopping in Clearfield.

Fred Sitell and Miss Virginia Herzog, of Curwensville, attended chautauqua last evening.

Misses Goldie and Aurilla Margaret Patchin, of Glen Hope, are visiting relatives in Clearfield.

Miss Ruth Row, of Cherry street, is home from Philadelphia, where she spent the past month.

Miss Mary Kelley, of Tyrone, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Brown, on Pine street.

Miss Sue O'Brien, who has been visiting friends in town, left this morning for her home in Osceola.

Dr. J. M. Currier, of Grampian, spent yesterday in Clearfield attending chautauqua in the afternoon.

Joseph Aerandle and wife, of Philipsburg, visited the home of their son Richard on the West Side, Monday.

Kennard & Snyder, returned yesterday from Chicago, where he took a three months course in engraving.

Mr. and Mrs. Furman Carter, of Philadelphia, are guests at the home of L. C. Bloom, on Locust street, this week.

Misses Lois Fagley and Betty Allen, of Grampian, were guests at the home of Judge Bell, on Front street, last evening.

Mrs. Charles Freund and daughter, Natalie, of Erie, Pa., are visiting at the home of E. W. Hess, on Locust street.

Mrs. A. L. and C. L. McDivett, and daughter, Violet, of Linden street, left this morning to spend a week at Sunnyside farm.

Miss Nancy Lyrist, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Helen Thompson, returned to her home in Woodland this morning.

Peter Buchhart and family, from Altoona came in their car to the West Side to visit their daughter, Mrs. Richard Aerandle, over Sunday.

Mrs. B. F. Mann, and little granddaughter, Miss Jeanette Mann, left this morning for Everett, where they will spend a week visiting friends.

Mrs. G. W. Barrett, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. McMurray,

at her home on Locust street, returned to Camden, N. J., yesterday.

Mrs. H. P. Hippler and granddaughters, Misses Annia Marie and Delia Mentzer, are spending a month in Pittsburg and Cleveland with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hewitt, of Punxsutawney, who have been visiting for the past week with Mrs. Hewitt's mother, Mrs. Clara DeBeque, on Ogden avenue, has returned home.

Mrs. C. A. Rhodes, of Birmingham, Alabama, who has been visiting friends in Clearfield for the past week, left yesterday for Somerset, Pa., where she will join her husband and visit his relatives before returning to Clearfield for a few days, preparatory to returning to their southern home.

Miss Kathryn Schickling has returned home from school in Mahaffey.

Miss Amy Way, from Kermoor, was at Pine Grove on Sunday.

Miss Ruth Mapes spent Saturday night in Clearfield.

Frank Read made a business trip to DuBois on Wednesday.

Harry Burnetts family have all been sick with the tonsillitis.

Amos Read made a business trip to Grampian on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Edna McCracken visited with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Nelson, at Mt. Zion, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Read called at Amos Read's on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Luella Bloom's family have been suffering with the tonsillitis.

Miss Cora Summers, from Kermoor, is spending some time with her cousin, Edna Read.

Boy number two arrived at the home of Alfred Aughenbaugh last week.

Mrs. Luella Bloom visited her mother, Mrs. A. A. Kelley, in Curwensville, on Sunday.

M. J. Philhart's mother and sister, from Troutville, visited with him at Hummels for several days.

Miss Francis Mullen was the guest of her brother, Lee Mullen, near Woodland.

Mrs. Frank Read spent Wednesday and Thursday with her cousin, Mrs. Helen Aughenbaugh, in Curwensville.

Ada and Clara Lippert, from Krebs called on Hazel and Wava Bloom on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Aughenbaugh and little niece, from McGees Mills, visited relatives at this place over Sunday.

Edna and Cecil Read attended a banquet in Glen Richey last Monday evening, given by the normal school of that place which had closed the Saturday before. A most enjoyable time was had.

Amos Read received the following card from Wm. Lowe, in Pittsburg: "Good news; baby girl arrived June 29, at 4 A. M., name Helen Pearl Lowe; weight six pounds." Wm. is feeling very proud.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Williams and daughter Priscilla, from Monument, spent Friday night with her sister, Mrs. Amos Read, and attended the 4th of July celebration in Clearfield on Saturday. They visited Mrs. William's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Straw, near Kermoor, over Sunday.

A number of young people from our vicinity went on a straw load to Glen Bonarr on Saturday, July 4. A gala time is reported. Some who went were, Edna, Elma, Wm. and

Blair McCracken, Olive and Clevis Moore, Misses Schrot, Wm. Orr and Mr. Johnson.

Mrs. Jennie Tate and little son, from Glendon, Minnesota, left for her home on Monday and Mrs. Wm. Bradshaw from Sugar Grove, Pa., returned to her home on Tuesday after a very pleasant visit with their sister, Mrs. Louisa McCracken.

The following people took dinner at Hummels, in Clearfield, on the Fourth: Curtis Read and wife, Amos Read and wife, Mrs. Haristatek, Miss Fillhart, Edna, Elizabeth, Eldon and Cecil Read, Carlton Rowles, Charles Mapes, Claud Popoles and Ralph Haleton. A delicious dinner was served. The table was beautifully decorated in red, white and blue.

Quite a number of people from Stoneville took the Fourth in at Clearfield.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Good and family and Miss Rebecca James, of Smoke Run, were visiting at the home of Mrs. Good's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Shugarts, the past week.

Base ball at Stoneville Saturday, July 11. Stoneville vs. Bigler, game called at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. G. B. Shugarts, while picking berries last Wednesday killed a large yellow rattlesnake near Elbert's grist mill, on Morgan run.

Cloyd Laneberry, of this place transacted business in Kylertown on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stone were at Clearfield on Friday.

Everybody enjoyed the Fourth immensely.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Ogden and children, of Cherry Tree, are visiting at the Ogden home.

Charlie Pool, while playing ball at the park Saturday, sprained his ankle and finds it very inconvenient traveling on crutches.

Misses Erma and Ruth Switzer spent Sunday in Sandy Ridge.

Miss Anna Ogden, of Curwensville, spent Saturday here.

Mrs. Walter Fargo is home from Pittsburg, where she spent several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Blair Welch.

John Barkey, of Grampian, was a Paradise caller Monday evening.

Emery Rowles is on the sick list. Paradise is noted for its pretty girls but thank goodness we have no old maids.

Wanted—By a middle aged man widower, a good looking house keeper who is willing to hoe potatoes and can rubarb. One who will make a good appearance, light hair and blue eyes preferred. Any one wishing the chance of a life-time can call at my residence, 1448 corner Main street and Collins avenue and receive full information.

Quite a number of Paradise folks attended the circus at DuBois Tuesday.

It is rumored that a wedding will take place in "our little town" this week. Further information later.

Mrs. Clair Fister is getting along very nicely.

Wm. McQuillen, who visited his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Carns, for the past ten days, has returned to Uniontown. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Erma, as far as Boltvar.

Anyone wishing buckwheat plants call Bell phone 419 xx.

World's Greatest Short Stories

Continued on Third Page.

Three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pines. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine cone hanging basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old south, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying unconsciously to rid them of the dust of the past from the half calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harp-echo, and found I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the nine muses and the three graces one hesitated to lower the topic to 2 cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission and 3 o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stores and hollow ware with the west and south, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. "Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from his trowel as he built up the overhanging hills. What did the noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the North American Review."

"Of course," said I placidly, "human nature is the same everywhere, but there is more color—more drama and movement and romance in some cities than in others."

"On the surface," said Azalea Adair, "I have traveled many times around the world in a golden albatross wafted on two wings—print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the sultan of Turkey bowstringing with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theater tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her aware she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart, but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town, just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards."

Some one knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eye, a faint flush on her cheeks and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right hand corner missing, torn in two places and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and 10 cents' worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice, then something like an

oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps tomorrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But tomorrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of inquiry that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeon door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flung his feather duster and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any."

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'lman what rid out with me dis maw'nin'. Thank you kindly, sub."

"I am going out to 801 again tomorrow afternoon at 3," said I, "and if you will be here I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, sub," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cetewayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro back driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, sub," he said slowly. "She has res'ces, sub; she has res'ces."

"I shall pay you 50 cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffedly correct, sub," he answered humbly. "I jus' had to have dat \$2 dis maw'nin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for 8 cents a word."

The answer that came back was, "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner Major Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me. Therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping thereby to escape another, but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless southern town had made me tired and listless.

King Cetewayo was at his post the next day and rattled my bones over the stones out to 801. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at 8 cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee colored pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him he abandoned his team and struck off up the street at foot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned, with a grave, gray haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than 8 cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding and turned to the old negro.

"Uncle Caesar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back some time this week."

The doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said—"in other words, the result of poverty, pride and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Caesar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell," said I in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were

then in season and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Caesar's grandfather was a king in Kongo. Caesar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Caesar's voice inside, "Did he git bofe of dem \$2 from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Caesar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing \$50, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about 6 o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Caesar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flung his duster and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, sub. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city. Hack's puffedly clean, sub. Jus' got back from a funeral!"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Caesar.

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna, so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and envious citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clutched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind looking man said after much thought, "When Cas was about fourteen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no account niggers for his money. He had \$50 this afternoon, which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at 9, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland river I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddied waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

Consoling Thought.

Country Vicar to widow whose best pig has died—Well, you know, Mrs. Higgs, these little troubles are sent us by Providence for our good.

Mrs. Higgs—Oh, yes, sir. But what a comfort it is to know that there's one above us won't let Providence go too far!—Toronto Globe.

Curious Jellyfish.

A retired mariner says he saw many strange inhabitants of the sea when he was going about the world in a square rigger, but a sight which impressed him most was the peculiar form of a jellyfish. It was about eight inches long and shaped precisely like a horse, having a long, flowing mane, fetlocks and the various other appurtenances.

What sailors call "Portuguese men of war" are jellyfish shaped like a bear. Each carries large sail, resembling isinglass, which bellies out with the wind and causes the fish to cut through the water at a surprising speed. The "Portuguese men of war" are numerous in the Indian ocean—Portland Oregonian.

Pessimistic.

Emersonian—Do you believe in the law of compensation? Poor Man—I do. But I also am convinced of the law's delays.—Judge.

Perfectly Frank.

Bix—What would you do if you were worth a million dollars? Dix—The tax assessor, if I could.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Clearfield Progress

With a view to giving the people of Clearfield and vicinity the best that can be obtained in the way of a live wire up-to-the-minute newspaper, printed at home, by home people, The Clearfield Progress has added a number of new features, some of which have appeared, and others that will follow in a few days.

One of the most important of these features is the new daily

Telegraph Service

which comes to the Progress exclusively, and positively contains good live news that will not be found in the larger city papers until the following morning.

And just as important as this new service is the new Intertype composing machine which is about three to four times faster than the machine formerly used, and about five times faster than the hand method.

The Intertype

is capable of ten lines of type, a column wide every minute and the new machine is in operation in the front window of the Progress plant where any one who wishes may see it work.

The Local News

is covered, or reported by a very efficient corps of news gatherers, both in Clearfield and the surrounding towns, and additions are to be made in this department in a very short time.

Mutt and Jeff

the world famous cartoons by "Bud" Fisher will start soon this week and are sure to be enjoyed by all—both old and young.

Daily Illustrations

of timely events will also go to make this your big home newspaper.

Railroad Department

will also be of interest to the men who run the trains, telling them of the happenings of their craft both at home and in other places.

Sporting News

of interest to the Sport Fans is cared for by a competent man, and will be accompanied by bright, newsy pictures, and a real live Sport letter each day by Frank Menke, one of the greatest writers of Sports today.

Clean Spicy Editorials

Society news, Personal Mention, of your coming and going and in fact everything of real news value will be found in

The Clearfield Progress

If you are not a subscriber, now is just the time to get in on the ground floor and get the benefit of all these new features of your newspaper.

Splendors of World's Greatest Exposition Revealed by Present Marvels

Conclave of Nations Unsurpassed in History at San Francisco in 1915

MARVELOUS PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION WILL OPEN UPON A COMPLETED ASSEMBLAGE OF THE TREASURES OF THE WORLD'S ARTS, SCIENCES AND INDUSTRIES

A conclave of nations unsurpassed in the history of the world will assemble at San Francisco when the marvelous Panama-Pacific International exposition opens on February 20, 1915.

Today, the Panama-Pacific International exposition overshadows and eclipses any commemorative and instructive exhibition in history. Progress in all phases of this most brilliant and comprehensive of world's celebrations visualizes the exposition as it will appear when the exhibits of the world are installed within its spacious halls, when hundreds of thousands of rare trees, plants and shrubs brought from far corners of the globe have transformed the grounds into a semitropical paradise and when from the Golden Gate the traveler will behold the vast Exposition city rising to great heights against the walls of the encircling amphitheater of the hills of San Francisco.

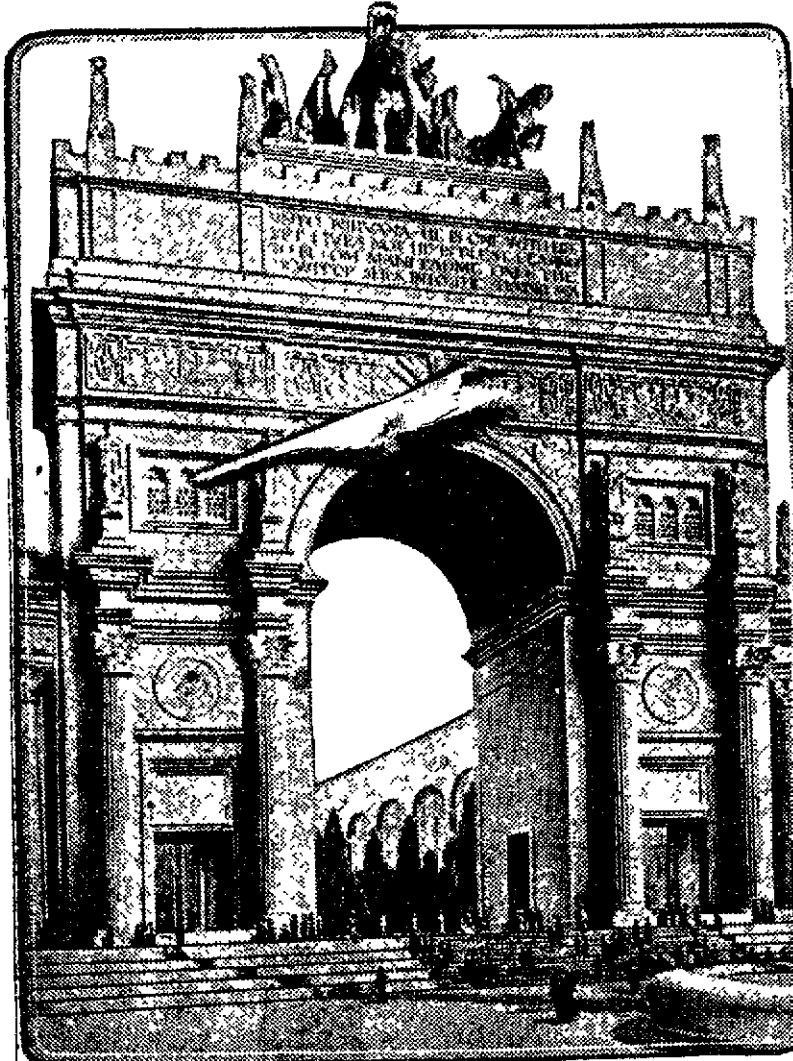
In the assured participation of the foreign nations and of the commercial and industrial interests of the world the Panama-Pacific International exposition stands alone among the great expositions of the past.

As a tribute to America's heroic task in the completion of the Panama canal 23 of the world's great nations have formally accepted the invitation of the president to take part in the celebration and are now engaged in preparing magnificent displays, which will illustrate their progress in every line of social and industrial activity. The Argentine leads with a government appropriation of \$1,300,000 (gold), and in its magnificent pavilion will be presented the wonders of that far-away land. Canada will expend \$800,000; Japan, \$600,000; China, \$800,000; Turkey, \$400,000, and in the Turkish pavilion will be shown the rarest and costliest treasures of the Ottoman empire. New Zealand and Australia will make tremendous displays. Fifteen hundred manufacturers in Germany will make a collective exhibit, to be shown in a great German building; 600 manufacturers from England will present a combined exhibit.

More than 500,000 accredited delegates from all parts of the globe will attend a series of great international conventions and congresses to be held at San Francisco during the exposition. Among the congresses will be the great International Engineering congress, of which Col. George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama canal, is chairman.

Thousands of visitors from all parts of the globe are planning to see the great exposition at San Francisco in 1915, and wonderful preparations are being made to transport and to care for them.

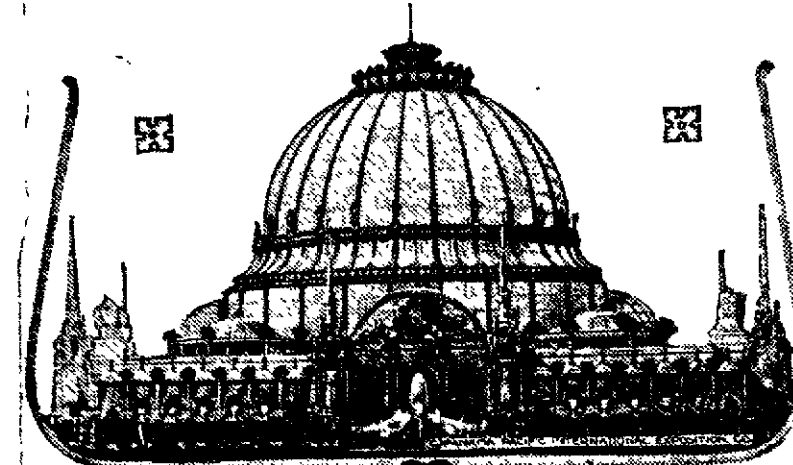
HUGE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPOSITION A WONDERFUL SIGHT.



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

The Arch of the Rising Sun at the Panama-Pacific International exposition, which will be crowned by a wonderful group of statuary, "The Nations of the East." The howdah upon the elephant will be 188 feet above the floors of the court; the group itself will be 42 feet in height. This huge arch, breathing the spirit of the Orient, will be upon the east side of the great Central court, the Court of the Sun and Stars. Upon the west side of the court will be an arch typifying Occidental civilization.

WONDERFUL PALACE OF HORTICULTURE



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

The superb Palace of Horticulture at the Panama-Pacific International exposition in San Francisco in 1915 will be surmounted by a vast dome of glass, supported by immense steel trusses. The dome will be 186 feet in height and 152 feet in diameter. At night batteries of colored searchlights will play on the inside of the dome from within the building, so that it will present the appearance of a gigantic soap bubble continuously changing to every color of the rainbow.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

One day at a time! That's all it can be.
No faster than that is the hardest fate,
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and end them too late.
One day at a time!
'Tis a wholesome rhyme
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

WHAT SHALL I SERVE?

All salad makers have their own proportions of oil and vinegar. Too much is not wholesome; two tablespoonfuls of vinegar of the usual strength to five of oil is a good rule to follow, using salt, cayenne and other seasonings to taste.

Thousand Isle Dressing—From the number of salad dressings bearing this name one must be named for each island. The dressing is a simple French dressing as above with the addition of chopped onion, celery, peppers with some catsup; in fact, anything may be added and named a Thousand Isle dressing.

Heliofolle Salad—Cut celery in small bits and marinate in French dressing. Pare an apple and cut in sixteenths, then in thin slices and also marinate. Parboil a green pepper, cut in strips and let it stand in oil dressing. Peel small tomatoes and cut in tulip form, marinate them. Then serve each vegetable on separate lettuce leaves arranged on a plate and garnish with the green pepper. Or the pepper may be served on a separate leaf also.

Asparagus tips cooked until tender, marinated in oil dressing and served in a red or green pepper ring on lettuce, make a most attractive salad.

The flavor gives point to a salad, it must be subtle and elusive, yet highly satisfactory. If the delightful element cannot be identified, so much the better. A slice of tart apple, a suspicion of mint, a clove of garlic, in fact, the true salad maker is hampered by no preconceived notions.

Bean and Nut Cutlets—Take two cupfuls of lima beans, one-half cupful of black walnuts, as they are richer in fat than the English, two tablespoonfuls of crumbs, one of butter. Rub the beans through a sieve, add the nuts chopped, salt and butter melted mixed all together, rolled in meat drippings then in crumbs. Bake in a well-greased pan.

Nellie Maxwell.

\$20,000,000 IN MAYO ESTATE

Board of Trustees to Handle Estate of Kentucky National Committeeman.

Paintsville, Ky.—The body of John C. Calhoun Mayo, Democratic national committeeman from Kentucky, arrived at the Mayo home here Governor McCreary and state officials attended the funeral. It was officially announced that Mayo's fortune, estimated at more than \$20,000,000, is to be placed in the hands of a trustee or board of trustees.

Lenient to Deserting Hero.

Paris.—"The only punishment I should like to see imposed is that he serve France as he served Greece," was the announcement of Government Commissary Alix at the court martial of John Corinthus, a Greek who deserted from the foreign legion to fight for the land of his birth in the Balkan war. At the conclusion of the war he returned to the foreign legion, having served heroically. The court agreed with the prosecutor and unanimously acquitted him.

MORGAN BOOKS TO BE SOLD

\$200,000 Collection Owned by Late Financier Will Go at Auction.

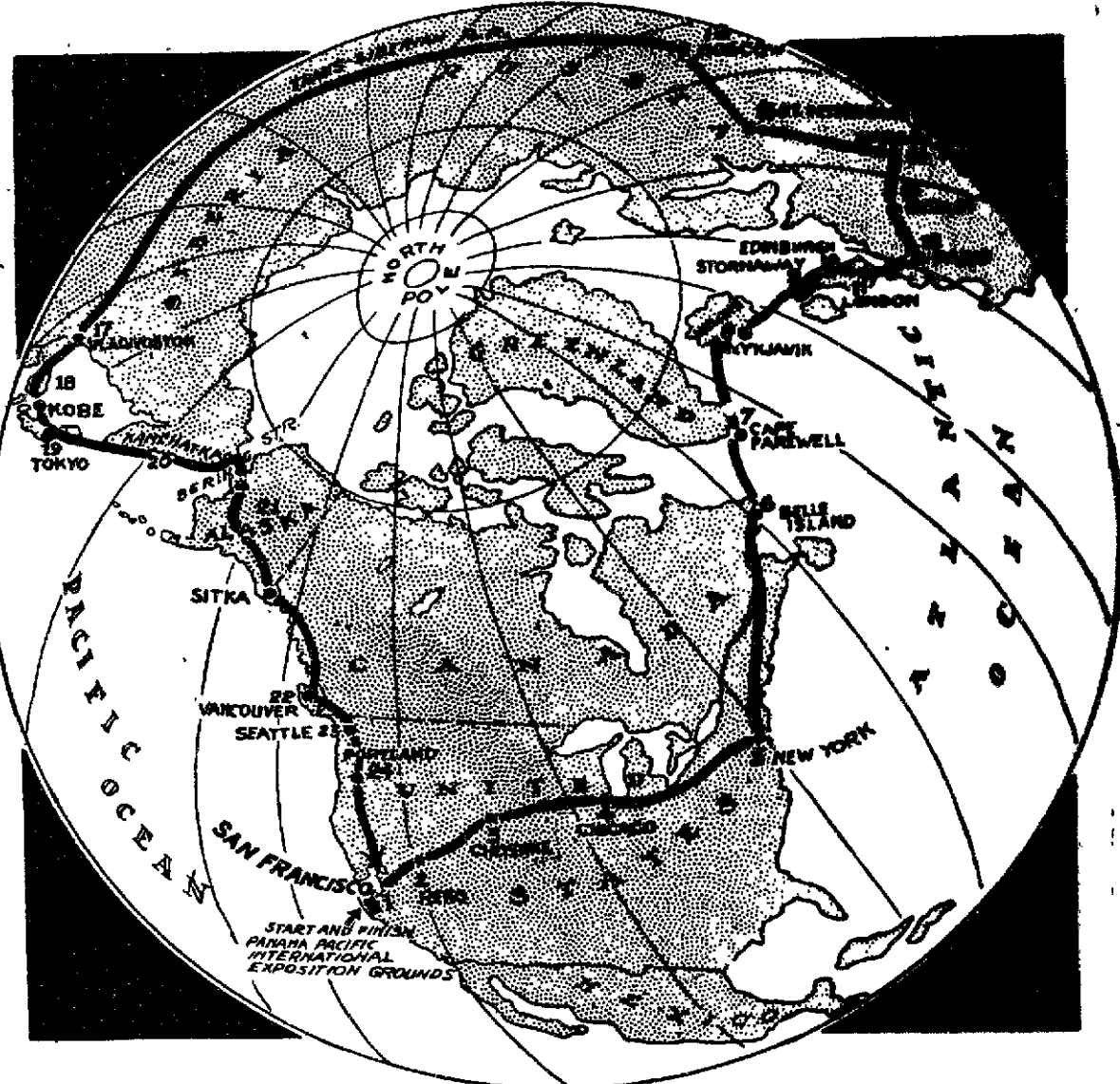
Paris.—The Foulc collection of rare books on ornaments and architecture, purchased by the late J. Pierpont Morgan in 1910 for \$200,000 with a view of supplementing the Hoenchel collection of art objects in the Metropolitan Museum of Arts in New York, will be sold at auction by Andre Des Voeux.

9,000 Eggs Dumped Upon Man.
Chicago, Ill.—Morris Elboom became a human omelet when his horse, attached to a wagon loaded with 9,000 hen eggs ran away and dumped the yolk load upon him.

Coffinmakers Postpone Strike.

New York.—Because the death rate is low and the demand for coffins small, 600 union coffinmakers postponed their strike for higher wages until the death rate increases.

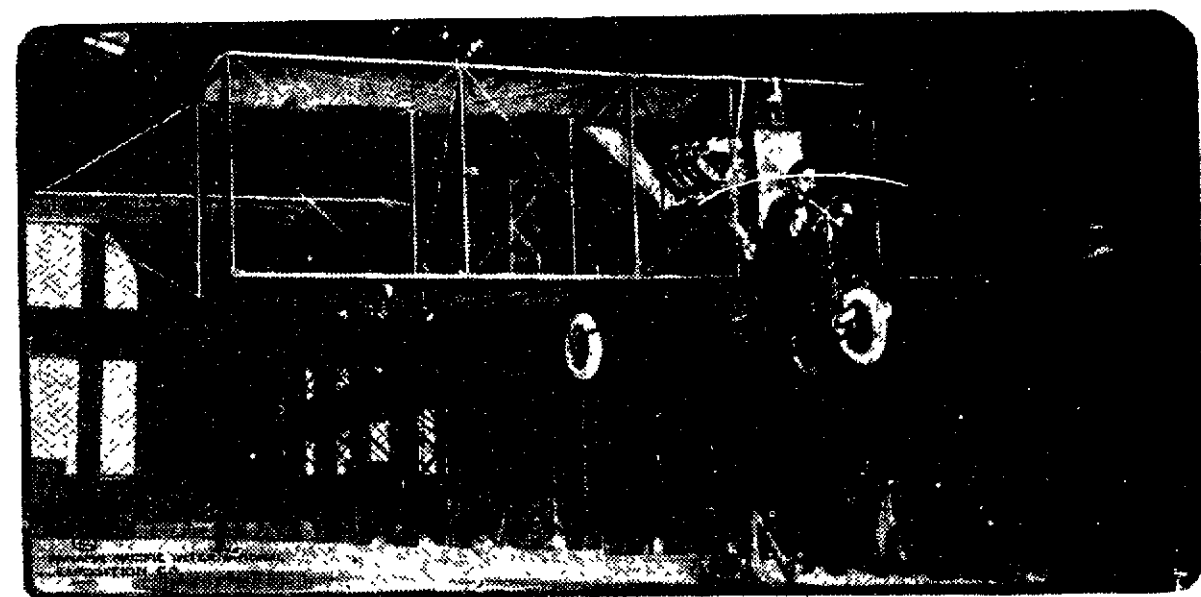
THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL AVIATION RACE AROUND THE WORLD.



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

In May, 1915, the Panama-Pacific International exposition at San Francisco will be the gathering place of the most expert aeronauts from all the civilized nations of the globe, when the start is made of the great aerial race-around-the-world for a prize of \$300,000, the largest sum ever offered for any single sporting event in history. Every description of motor-driven air craft will participate in this stupendous loop-the-loop around the globe. The race will represent the climax of all the world's aeronautical activities and will stand for all time as an immortal epic of human daring, human ingenuity, and the marvelous epitome of the progress of mankind. It will be the supreme adventure of our day. As an achievement, it will mark a historic cycle that will compare with the crossing of the Atlantic by Columbus and the circumnavigation of the world by the fleet of Magellan in 1522. Aviators have long discussed the project of round-the-world aeroplane tours.

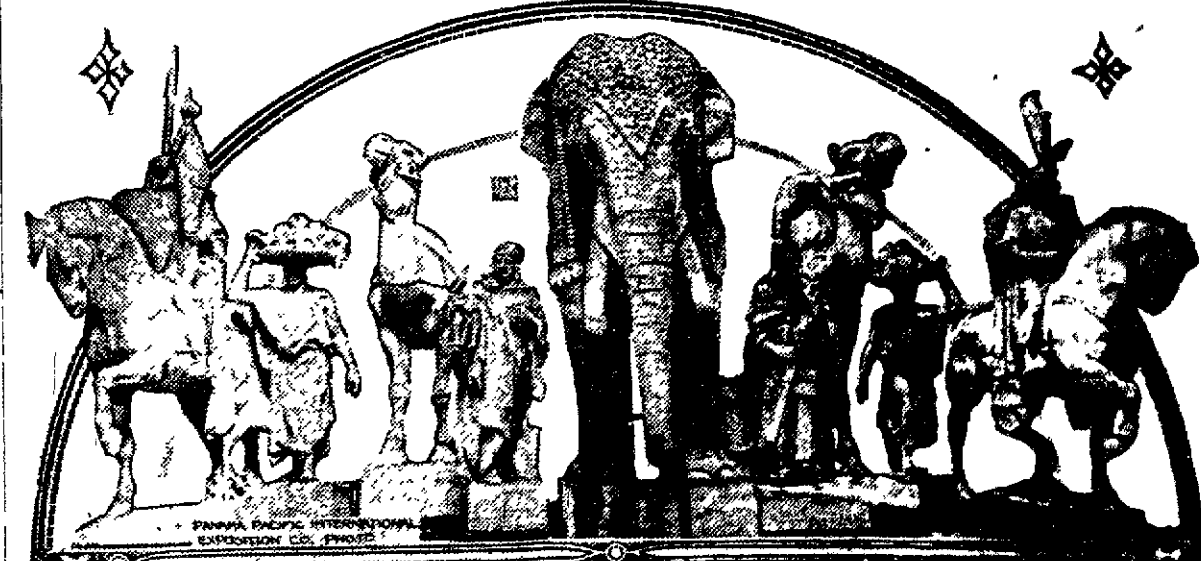
WORLD'S FIRST INDOOR AEROPLANE FLIGHT.



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

The first time an aeroplane ever flew inside a building was when Lincoln Beachey, the famous aviator, flew in the huge Palace of Machinery on the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International exposition to open in San Francisco on February 20, 1915. The Palace of Machinery is almost 1,000 feet long and 136 feet high. Beachey passed from one end to the other of the building, flying for more than 300 feet and at height of 60 feet. The most remarkable feature of the flight was that he had to steer a straight course down the center aisle, which is 75 feet in width.

COLOSSAL GROUP OF STATUARY FOR VAST EXPOSITION COURT—"NATIONS OF THE EAST."



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company.

This photograph shows the enlarged figures for the colossal group, "Nations of the East," to crown the Arch of the Rising Sun at the Panama-Pacific International exposition at San Francisco in 1915. With the exception of the elephant and the camel on the left all the figures are completed. The elephant, however, will be surmounted by a howdah and the camel by a rider. The group in its entirety is the conception of A. Stirling Calder, with whom Frederick G. R. Roth and Leo Lentelli co-operated. The huge elephant in the center of the group was modeled by Mr. Roth, who also modeled the camels. The mounted horsemen were modeled by Leo Lentelli. From left to right the figures are: Arab warrior, negro servant bearing baskets of fruit, camel and rider, falconer, elephant, representing India; Buddhist lama, bearing emblem of authority; camel and rider, negro servant, Mongolian warrior.



CLASSIFIED WANTS

Rate—One cent per word each insertion. Minimum charge Ten Cents.
Positions Wanted Free. No charge will be made to persons desiring positions.
Phone Your Want-Ads.

Found—Bunch of three keys. Call at Progress office, pay for this notice and get them.

Found—Bunch of keys at driving park. Loser can have same by proving property and paying for this ad.

Roomers Wanted—with or without meals. Address W. M. care of Progress. Jul. 7 3t.

FOR SALE—New mown timothy hay. \$12 per ton. Call 179 H. & C. Phone. Jul. 6 2w.

Do not fail to have the daily or weekly Progress sent to your address during your vacation, this year. It is no trouble to change your address and you cannot afford to be without your home paper.

ENGINEER—Wishes to locate in Clearfield. Experienced in Ice making and good hand at machinery of all kinds—Address at once—E. E., care Progress.

A GOOD BUYER

She Buys With an Eye to the Ever Changing Fashions.

Don't affect Watteau hats unless you are young, slender and at least moderately pretty. The Watteau hat, with its turned up back, its flowers and its chin ribbon, is meant only for the young and pretty woman.

Just because stripes and plaids are fashionable don't use them if they are not becoming. Some faces and many figures suffer when they are surrounded with plaids and stripes. Many plain, soft fabrics or fabrics possessing any of the attributes you are seeking can still be had by the hundred yards together in all the shops.

Styles are changing rapidly. We would do well if we wish to keep in the fashion only to buy such clothes as we really need and to wear those until they are worn out. Then we can with clear consciences buy something new and up to date when styles have settled down into some definite trend or when some still newer, changing styles have shown themselves.

A black hat is more satisfactory for the woman with few hats than one made of plaid or striped taffeta. A black hat can be becomingly worn with frocks of every color. And, more than that, a black hat is not remembered by every one who sees it as a bright hat is likely to be remembered. A third point in its favor has the black hat. It is more generally becoming than a colored one.

Don't wear a color just because you have noticed that it is often used in descriptions of the clothes shown in the French openings. Tango, for instance, is a somewhat trying color to many complexions. So are some of the odd blue and green shades. Remember that black and white and dark blue are always capable of being made to look fashionable and that they are becoming to most persons.

THE CLOTHES CLOSET.

Method of Keeping Garments Nice and Economizing Space.

The usual method of preparing a closet for the proper keeping of wearing apparel is to place a row of hooks along the back and ends, with possibly a long rod extending from one end to the other, from which hangers may be suspended.

As we all know, this means that garments that hang in the rear are not very easy to get at. Only those on the rod are in evidence. For the others we grope blindly, grasping a skirt to discover whether it is the blue serge, the gray voile or the white mohair we want. And as for the things suspended on the hooks behind, they might as well be in trunks and boxes as far as distinguishing one from the other goes.

Now some clever woman has found that by fixing a swinging rack—very much on the order of the towel rack

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

Lost—Watch chain, solid gold. Liberal reward for return of same to Progress office. July 9, 3t.

For Sale—I have three new Oliver Typewriters Model No. 5, never been boxed since received from The Oliver Typewriter company, which I will sell for \$50.00 each. K. G., care of the Progress. 1t.

If you have a house to rent or sell, use the Progress Want-Ads.

J. A. RHONE, Carpenter and Contractor. Prompt work. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Care H. E. Fisher, West Side, Phone. Jul. 9 3t.

A dozen arms extending friendly ends out for holding garments—the capacity as well as the convenience is troubled. These arms are made of light wood, so they can be doubled, with light clamps on the outer ends that slip in a groove, holding fast anything placed between. In this way half a dozen pairs of trousers or the same number of skirts, hung by folded belts, may be nicely and neatly kept in order on one rack, and if there are two one at either end of the closet or one with longer arms directly in the center at the back, it will be such a comfort to find double the amount of room with garments all visible without extra light, of any sort.

SHOE POLISHER.

Homemade Article That Will Keep the Boots Spic and Span.

It is not always convenient to carry a box of polish in one's traveling bag, but a "strip polisher," which can neither upset nor smudge the contents of one's bag, answers the purpose quite as well for a short journey. In fact, it's not a bad thing to have tucked in the corner of one's bedroom shoe box at home.

To make the polisher take a strip of velvet or plush about four inches wide and eighteen inches long and attach to the ends two little sticks, round or square, about a half inch thick. The sticks should be given a coat of glue and then rolled into each end of the cloth sufficiently to cover the wood with the material.

This is to keep the sticks from slipping out of the open ends.

Then sew the sticks in tightly to keep them from being pulled out when the polisher is being used. Have the shoes polished before leaving home and for several days one can bring them to a bright polish by simply rubbing the polisher back and forth over them. For polishing the backs and heels, place the strip back of the shoe and rub it briskly back and forth by pulling first one handle and then the other toward you—just as the shoe-black does. The right side of the velvet or plush should always, of course, be next the shoe.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES.

Take one cupful of cream whipped stiff; one small cucumber, cut very fine, three teaspoonfuls of powdered gelatin, salt to taste, also paprika to taste, five tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Soak the gelatin in a little cold water as possible and dilute in as little hot water as possible. Mix together and set on ice to cool. Then spread on thin slices of bread.

AGE OF INQUIRY HAS DAWNED

(Continued from 1st Page.)

simple-minded credulity into an age of inquiry from whence shall come remedy and relief.

Tired of Being Buncoed.

After the Civil war we plunged into a period of commercial and industrial development and with it developed the most marvelous case of political conservatism and simple-minded credulity. Barnum said we liked to be humbugged, and we did. We believed everything and enjoyed being fooled. But now we have reached a climax; from credulity we have turned to inquiry. We are beginning to see things as they are. Such things as the New Haven railway case are opening our eyes. We are realizing as we never have before the vast amount of bribery buncoing and underhandedness that go on in the world.

What can the question mean? What must it mean to the people of the United States to learn of the robberies imposed upon its women and children? Thirty years we have been plunged in a sea of darkness. What is it that we need in America? Independence, courage and character in the individual. If we gain this we will not hesitate to move and do the work there is to do.

Special Privilege Rules.

Everywhere in the last forty years the very air has been saturated with bold, insidious, tyrannous special privileges everywhere. Yes, even here in Clearfield. Now there is work for the individual to do that in the past bad habits must be cured; partisan has been undreamed of. National bad habits must be cured; the political boss must be met at the front door and kicked out. The individual must move up closer to the processes of the government. We must have popular government, national popular primaries, initiative and referendum, the power to drag home the man in office when he has not proven himself to be the proper official—the recall.

Nationally women shall have the right to vote. We need to get down to the process of things. Moral battles can not be compromised. We need the women's vote because women does not compromise when a moral issue is at stake. The man who fears petticoat government is the one who needs it.

Reform Will Come.

After gaining all these reforms there is still work to do. The task of the individual is to gain independence, character and courage. That task rests with each individual of the nation without gaining it we can gain nothing. When we all feel the demand for remedy and relief the reform will come and will arise from the black age into which we have plunged and emerge into a bright era of truth and fairness.

Mr. Murdock interspersed among his serious remarks several humorous stories and told these stories in that pleasing way which has made him one of the most popular orators of the day. During Mr. Murdock's stay in Clearfield he was greeted by a number of the Progressive party and he spoke very encouragingly of that party's prospects in the coming elections.

THE BIG STORE WILL
CLOSE AT 5 O'CLOCK DURING THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST, EXCEPTING SATURDAY AND MONDAY EVENINGS. HELP THE GOOD WORK ALONG BY DOING YOUR SHOPPING EARLY.
LEITZINGER BROS.

The Adventures of Kathlyn

(By Harold Macgrath)

You all know pretty Kathlyn Williams, the most daring and beautiful of all Motion Picture Artists, and all of you would like to read of her most thrilling adventures—now wouldn't you? Well, the CLEARFIELD PROGRESS is going to give you just that kind of a trial.

The Adventures of Kathlyn

Has been secured by the Progress and will start in a few days. It is in serial form and contains 120 columns, and you will positively get a good liberal installment each day.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

FEATURING THE BIG UNIVERSAL PROGRAM
TO-NIGHT, JULY... 9th

One of the Most Exciting 3-Reelers Shown

THE \$1,000,000 PEARL MYSTERY
A FEATURE OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Another Sure-Fire Laugh Produces

Pretzel Captures The Smugglers

A Program You Can't Afford to Miss

COMING SATURDAY A Power's Three Reel Feature
"MYSTERY OF WICKHAM HALL"

Follow the crowd to the New Opera House

Notice to Advertisers!

A new rate for advertising will be in effect on Saturday, August 1st, 1914, and copies of this rate in pamphlet form will be ready for distribution August 20, 1914. This new rate is made necessary by the greatly increased circulation, and cost of publication of the Progress. The present circulation is about five times larger than a year ago. Many new features have been, and will be added, such as "Bud" Fisher's "Mutt and Jeff," a daily news illustration service, a free cut, or illustration service for advertisers, (proofs of which may be obtained at this office), and last but not least, our daily news service; all of which will make the Daily Progress a real up to the minute daily. The Progress goes into nearly every home in Clearfield and has an excellent circulation in most of the homes throughout the surrounding country, so that the new rate will not meet with much, if any disapproval.

The Progressive Publishing Co.
CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA

Light Extraordinary

We now have a stock of all sizes of the new TYPE C BANNER MAZDA LAMP, or NITROGEN MAZDA, as it is called. This is the very latest lighting feature on the market, and is as far ahead of the present type Mazda Lamp as the present Mazda was superior to the old Carbon lamp. It only consumes 1-2 watt per candle power. Ask us for demonstration or call at our store and see the new lamp in service.

Oppo. Witmer Inn

HARDER'S GUN WORKS

Clearfield, Penn'a.